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THE STRATEGICAL OUTLOOK

The news of fresh German successes on the Eastern Front makes such painful reading when we contrast them with our own immobility that our tendency may be to interpret them with excessive pessimism. We should judge that Marshal Timoshenko has made the ruthless choice which good strategy requires. He reached the conclusion at the start of this summer's campaign that with inferior forces he could not defend the featureless steppes either to the North or the South of the lower Don. Accordingly he is not hazarding any big forces or much armour in an attempt to delay the advance of the Germans. He has harassed them at the crossings of the river and his Cossacks are skirmishing round their columns as they sweep southwards. But there will be no ambitious resistance in this region, and at the risk of an awkward prolongation of their lines of communication the Germans will be allowed to reach the Kuban river and the foothills of the mighty Caucasus range. The economic cost to the Russians has been heavy, as we all realise—the loss not merely of the coal and industries of the Donetz basin, but also of manganese mines, the Maikop oil wells and vast plains covered with ripe grain. To balance all this, Timoshenko is concentrating his numerically weaker forces for the defence of the great arsenal of Stalingrad. He has checked the straight eastward drive of the Germans in the bend of the Don. What may be equally important: the German claw which might have moved towards the Volga from its crossing of the Don at Tsyonlyansk has yet made no progress in that direction. So long as Timoshenko holds the Volga securely, the oil from Baku will continue to reach its destination by way of the Caspian Sea. As yet the only threat of interruption has been the bombing of a few tankers on the river. Russia will remain an effective factor in the war so long as Timoshenko can hold Stalingrad, Astrakhan and Baku. On his ability to do this during the next four months, Russia's future and ours may depend. On this defensive purpose he is, doubtless with wisdom, staking everything. But it is probable that the Germans have not yet thrown all their forces into their converging drives on Stalingrad.

A supreme Allied Council of War, if we had one, would see in Stalingrad the centre of its world-wide strategy. Unless by direct aid or a diversion elsewhere, the threat to Stalingrad and the Volga route can be defeated, our hopes of victory are indefinitely postponed. That is the case for a Second Front this autumn. What actually confronts us is a spectacle of dispersal, intelligible for political or sentimental reasons, but hard to justify on military grounds. Our sea power is inevitably mainly engaged in defending our convoys not in the Atlantic only, but in the Arctic and the Indian Ocean also. The Allies are building rather fewer ships than they lose, a reckoning which takes no account of the lost cargoes. Our growing air power is largely occupied in raids on German cities, whose value is still open to debate. In Egypt we have locked up our only active army, with a disproportionate complement of shipping, for the purpose of defending the Mediterranean-Suez sea-road, which we cannot ourselves use. To India we have sent big British and American reinforcements for its passive defence. Whether, given our failure to enlist the Indian nation, they are adequate for this purpose, may be doubted. To the Chinese, on the other hand, our help has been stinted, though their territory and manpower are vital for the eventual defeat of Japan. In Australia, again, other forces are locked up. But it is uncertain where the Japs will next strike. Perhaps at India, when the rains cease. Perhaps at Asiatic Russia, though it seems late in the season.

The result of this dispersal, to say nothing of our useless losses at Hongkong, Singapore and in Burma, is that we have available for a European enterprise forces less formidable than we might have possessed, had we concentrated on this objective, after Russia came into the war in June, 1941. The failure to use last year the unexpected chance for a blow at the enemy where alone he is vulnerable, may be pardonable. But to fail again, in the second year, by reason of the same lack of concentration, may be both fatal and unpardonable. Allow what is due for the greater volume of American support next year in men, ships and supplies, it cannot, on any reckoning we can make, balance the loss we are risking of Russia as an active military asset. On the other side it is rightly said that it would be fatal to make a half-hearted attempt, with inadequate forces, to satisfy the public discontent by doing something somewhere without the will or the means to succeed. The answer, as we urged last week, is immediately to give authority over all this sphere of war to an Anglo-American Staff of Combined Operations. It must include all three fighting services and also Political Warfare, which for any Continental venture, is a vital weapon of war.

The Nazi Pretorians

The secret circular, captured in Libya, in which Hitler explains to the army the special function of the S.S. Black Guard is a document of the first political importance. These picked men, all of them young, and all volunteers, of pure German breed, indoctrinated with the Nazi "philosophy," can be trusted, he declares, not to fraternise with "the proletariat" and "the underworld," while in times of "internal crisis" they can be used, as a conscript army could not be, against other Germans (Volksgenossen). Every tyranny in history has had its armed gendarmerie, but this force is unique, in that it is thoroughly mechanised, has had its baptism of fire at the front, and amounts to twenty Divisions with their own tanks and Stukas. Against whom is this terrific apparatus of coercion devised? Certainly against the proletariat, whether German, Czech, or Polish. But chiefly, we think, against the conscript army itself. In short, it is a Pretorian Guard. There is evidence here, stronger than the most sanguine of us would have expected, of the volume and power of the latent revolt, both German and non-German, which the Nazis have to hold down. Here is the explosive force which we have to liberate. A premature explosion would be disastrous, but it is equally true that this kind of human gunpowder can go damp and useless from neglect.

Labour and the Government

When 49 members vote against the Government and 32, including 3 front benchers, abstain, the situation has got past the point at which expulsions or carpeting by the Labour Party Executive could be effective agents of discipline. Therefore, at the Labour Party meeting which followed the revolt the Executive adopted the Churchill technique by asking for a vote of confidence in Arthur Greenwood as leader. Greenwood got the vote after a very frank discussion in a very large meeting because the Party likes and trusts Arthur Greenwood and realised that he was in a difficult position. But despite the reconciliation, the growth of opposition feeling in the Party continues and it is shared by all parts of the movement, Trade Unionists, Peers, Left Wingers and Right Wingers. The Old Age Pension controversy is one that raises the Socialist issue as against the Charity Organisation issue. The means test and the real hardships of the aged are facts of experience which have bitten deep into the Labour conscience and the Party refuses to allow them to be made counters in any give-and-take arrangements between front benches. Mr. Bevin, speaking from the Treasury Box in the debate, emphasised that he agreed that an increase of 2s. 6d., as against 5s. demanded by the Labour Party, was enough. The "assurances" of further consideration and action which Bevin gave at the last moment were accepted by Greenwood but seemed unsubstantial to most Labour Members. The Beveridge report has been ready for some weeks, and is presumably being considered by the Government. This expression of opinion by the Labour Party must be taken into careful consideration by the Government when its recommendations are weighed. Greenwood has received his vote of confidence at Westminster, but the Labour Parties in the country are on their toes because a real Socialist attitude seems to be involved in this revolt of the 49.

Skilled Labour

One effect of the new man-power situation will be that a large number of young skilled men who have but recently finished their training as apprentices or learners, or are still in the middle of it, will be taken out of industry into the Armed Forces. This may have very important consequences on industry and on the Trade Unions. It is beginning to look as if, by the time the war is over, the bulk of the young men who remain alive, including those who supply the skills on which industrial efficiency depends, will be in the Army or the Navy, or the R.A.F. This means that they will be removed from the influence of the Trade Unions during some critical years, and will come back looking for jobs with little or no tradition of trade union loyalty in their minds, but with an experience of "skilled-ish" work in the Forces cutting right across trade union rules about demarcation of trades. A large proportion of the skilled men who will have to rebuild our industries after the war will come from this service experience and not from the traditional outlets of apprenticeship or learnership in the factories. They are likely to come back in a mood to play Old Harry with trade union regulations which threaten to get in the way of their advancement. Moreover, if we have to keep a large army for some time after the war, and decide to recruit it by means of compulsory service at 18 or 19, the same conditions will continue to apply to recruits entering the skilled trades. There will be few skilled men emerging from the traditional processes of workshop learning, and many "handymen" who will have picked up a more elastic sort of skill or dexterity by serving in tanks, or anti-aircraft units, or in the Air Force or the Royal Engineers. Trade Unionism will have to adapt itself to this type of recruit to the skilled branches of industry, or to submit to lose its hold on the younger men.

Retail Trade

Mr. Dalton inherited from Mr. Lyttelton two fearful economic problems—coal and the retail trade. Of the first he nearly died, but a departmental, surgical operation saved him just in time. With the second he is still afflicted. When Mr. Lyttelton appointed a Retail Trade Committee to advise him on the problems of the non-food shops, everyone knew that he was dodging a Parliamentary storm: no one ever expected the Committee to present an agreed report. Its Third (Majority) Report on "concentration," recommending compensation for shopkeepers voluntarily closing down was debated in the House of Commons last week, and Mr. Dalton had to confess that very few people liked it. The Co-operative movement was against it (but not the Distributive and Allied Workers), the National Chamber of Trade did not think it went far enough, the Retail Distributors' Association and the Multiple Shops Federation considered the solution unsatisfactory, the Association of British Chambers of Commerce was on balance opposed to it, the chemists, the newsagents, the tobacconists and confectioners were all hostile and claimed that they should be able to "contract out." Only the Drapers' Chamber of Commerce gave it qualified support. So the unfortunate Dalton has to think again. If the Government has any policy at all, he gave it four objectives. First, there should be sufficient retail outlets for the public. It would, he said, be a very poor policy to close down shops and create more shopping queues, and then find more absenteeism and more lost time among war workers because of the extra time required for shopping. Secondly, the woman-power demands of the Supply and Service Departments must be met as far as possible. Thirdly, the cost of distribution per unit must be kept low. Fourthly, "we must avoid needless hardships." The third objective seems to us unimportant in war-time. The others seem more likely to be met by concentrating the large multiple shops than the small shops. Mr. Dalton quoted figures, based on a survey of seven medium-sized towns, indicating that very large shops had increased in number during the war by 4 per cent., but that medium-small shops had diminished by 5 per cent., small shops by 11 per cent., and very small shops by 19 per cent. This surely must account for a good deal of "lost time" on the part of war-workers. As the only big reservoir of mobile female labour is to be found in the big shops the concentration of the non-food retail trade should fall upon them and not on the small shops with the more elderly and less efficient and less mobile labour. Let the higher cost of distribution go hang. As for compensation, probably no scheme is a fair one which does not emanate from a central national fund, but as a second best the levy should be paid out of profits of the survivor firms, with a turnover in excess of the small shop, and not passed on to the consumer. The Parliamentary debate at any rate killed the third (majority) report of the Retail Trade Committee. Let us be thankful for small mercies.

THE INDIAN IMPASSE

The motives for the Indian Government's raid on the Congress offices at Allahabad and its publication of papers found there are easy to understand. For propaganda purposes the most publicised item in the notes of the discussions of last April was Gandhi's expressed readiness to negotiate with the Japanese. Perhaps it is hoped that publication of these discussions before the meeting of the Committee will increase dissension in Congress, further discredit Gandhi in the U.S.A. and presumably prepare opinion for the arrest of the Mahatma and many of his followers, if the civil disobedience campaign is actually begun.

Censorship and war more sharply divide India from the West than ever before. Comparatively few Indians understand the world implications of this war: few Westerners understand how it looks to the Hindu. When Nehru said that Gandhi's proposals would have the effect of making Congress look pro-Japanese and that the British could not accept the proposal to quit India "for military reasons" he was speaking as one of those comparatively few Indians who are citizens of the world and are accustomed to consider the objective results of action. He assumes that the main object is the physical defeat of the enemy. Nehru has always wanted to fight and has realised that in a joint fight there lay the best chance of Indian independence becoming a reality. Gandhi has never taken this view. There is nothing new or Quisling or dishonourable in his statement about negotiating with Japan. He asks that the British should withdraw from India, whose divisions, he believes, arise largely out of British Imperialism; it follows inevitably that if Japan were to advance upon an unarmed India, the new Indian government would have to enter into negotiations with Japan in the hope of persuading the Japanese to abandon the project of invading India. He adds that he would also urge them to withdraw from China. If Japan refused to be appeased, it would be the duty of the Indians to resist the Japanese invasion by the methods of non-violence and non-co-operation, which would involve, as Gandhi sees, the suffering and death of many Indians, but which, in his view, might in the long run lead to an honest co-operation between the two peoples.

Probably Gandhi is one of the very few people in the world to-day who believe that the Japanese would be affected by this moral appeal. Few of his Congress colleagues agreed with him and the resolutions that were eventually issued showed that he had been defeated on most points in the discussions. Two incompatibles were blended: most of Gandhi's doctrines disappeared from the resolutions, and agreement was patched up on the basis of ambiguous phrases about resistance to the enemy, which might mean an appeal to arms or alternatively an appeal to non-violence. That Gandhi permitted his philosophy to be confused by the acceptance of the British Army in India, and that Nehru allowed his position to be stultified by Gandhi's pacifism, is due to one thing and one thing only. Congress desires at almost any cost to hold together: it can do so in opposition to British rule. Splits would arise if Japan invaded India. There are Indians who, for the first time in their lives, have good wages from Britain's war industries. But all Indians, Congress and Moslems and other minorities alike, agree in desiring the end of British domination; certainly the effect of holding up to ridicule this philosophy of Gandhi's or of arresting the Mahatma would be to solidify rather than to divide the national feeling that centres in Congress.

At the back of Congress discussions there is no difficulty in detecting a profound doubt about the ability of the British to defend the soil of India. Indians have watched the campaigns in Malay and Burma and drawn their own conclusions. We cannot judge how far these conclusions are justified. What we fear is the traditional attitude of the India Office, which would be to assume that to round up, divide and, if possible, crush Congress is the best prelude to defence. An India in which large sections at least of the population were aroused against Britain, which brought them into the war without consulting them, and which could be represented as fighting an Imperialist war against Japan on Indian soil, would be not only a ghastly tragedy: it would be an unlikely scene of British success. The latest proposals of Rajagopalachari for an interim popular government seem eminently sensible. If Japan does invade India, Britain may find that very many Indians who now unite to curse the British Raj will automatically range themselves behind the defending force. But how many this will be depends on the extent to which that force looks like a defending force and not like an army of occupation.

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"UNITED LIKE A STRONG WALL"

"TO-DAY," said King Haakon to his countrymen, "the home front in Norway is united like a strong wall." Nor was this the usual cant phrase. Those whom he addressed—sailors, soldiers, the medical corps, the women's services, and other men and women and children who have escaped from the Germans to carry on the fight from outside—these are the genuine representatives of the Norwegian people: their resistance to their quisling overlords is solid and national. It is no easy matter, even for the experienced Gestapo, to stamp out the resistance of 300,000 members of sports organisations who have been on strike for 20 months rather than take part in Nazified sports. Those who knew Scandinavia will realise what this means. "You play football no longer. You do not run. You do not throw the discus or the weight; you do not take part in the long jump or high jumps. In the winter you will have nothing to do with the cross country runs. In short you take no part at all in any public sports." So much the quisling sports leader admitted recently in a broadcast appeal against the boycott. Again, it is difficult to build a Nazified legal profession when over 95 per cent. of its members have already resigned from the Lawyers' Association, last February, rather than accept compulsory membership of it under a Nazi rule and a quisling commissar. The solid protest of 95 per cent. of the profession forced the Quislings to withdraw the decree of compulsory membership.

Throughout Europe, the Nazi methods of torture, imprisonment and execution have failed to defeat the staunch Christians. In Norway, the Lutheran Church has carried on a struggle for religious freedom with great courage and skill. "Whenever God's commandments are at stake, the Church stands unshakeable and cannot be directed by any authority of the State," the seven Bishops stated in a letter which was read publicly to congregations in November, 1940, when the first quisling onslaught was made in an order abolishing the professional oath of Ministers. And every other religious organisation supported this general thesis that the State has no right to interfere with the Church. When the Nazis realised the strength of the opposition they set up a quisling Church department. This was a complete failure. On the 11th of April, when it telegraphed to 1,100 Clergy ordering them to resume office on pain of expulsion from the area in which they lived, only two people accepted the ultimatum. The quisling Secretary-General of the Church Department made a speech in Oslo University last Easter which left no doubts as to the policy he would pursue. "The new Christianity," he said, "is specially adapted to Norwegian conditions, taking into consideration race and the living space that will now be created."

The teachers have shown the same solid refusal to allow Quislings to Nazify the schools. No one who has known the democratic traditions of Norwegian education can imagine teachers entering the classroom with hand extended in the Nazi salute and greeting the pupils with "Heil og Sael." Yet this was one of the rules which the Quislings made—and quickly withdrew. The crisis came at the beginning of this year, when one decree ordered all teachers to join a Nazi "Teachers' Front," and a second one established compulsory membership of the Nasjonal Samling Youth Movement for all children between 10 and 18. This measure, as Quisling himself pointed out, would have given the Nazi movement "control of 400,000 young people, from whom we shall select those who are to be trained for membership of our Party." But he had forgotten the sturdy idealism of the teachers, the comradeship of the parents and the loyalty of the clergy. Day after day letters poured into his office until, out of 14,000 teachers, over 12,000 had rejected the decrees. Parents joined in the protest and the seven Bishops publicly denounced the decrees as an attempt to separate the children from their parents and to break up "the divine right of the home." Quisling answered by closing the schools for some months on the pretext of a fuel shortage. The teachers were told that if they wanted their salaries they must sign a declaration of membership of the Nazi Teachers' Front. Out of 966 teachers only 37 took their salary under this condition, and they were mainly members of the Nasjonal Samling (Nazi organisation). When schools began to reopen in April, the teachers read out a declaration to their classes before beginning their lessons. It was a statement of the part the free teacher must play in helping children to take their place in the community. "I will never ask you to do anything which I consider to be wrong, nor will I teach you anything which in my opinion is not in accordance with the truth," was the pledge these teachers made, striking a note of comradeship and courage which must have inspired many of their young hearers to carry on the struggle.

When the Chief of the S.S. and Gestapo forces in Norway was called in by Reichs Kommissar Terboven to crush this opposition, he too failed. Seven hundred of the teachers were arrested and when an opportunity was given them to recant, only four of them accepted the offer, and two of these were already physical and mental wrecks. Most of the remainder were sent on the S.S. Skjerstad—the Norwegians call it "the floating Black Hole of Calcutta"—in indescribable conditions of overcrowding and insanitation to hard labour camps in the north. There they are to-day, willing martyrs for their faith and an inspiration to those who can still fight on.

The same persistence has been shown by the Norwegian workers. At first the Quislings meant to dissolve the trade unions and appoint a Labour Front. Second thoughts produced a subtler scheme; this combined infiltration of the Unions by Quislingites and the imprisonment of loyal trade union leaders. When a strike took place in Oslo last September, two of their leaders, Hansteen and Vickstrom, were executed and others given long terms of imprisonment. Last Autumn, the Presidents of the transport workers, the factory workers, the municipal workers, the metal workers, land workers, stone workers and goldsmiths were all in prison or in concentration camps, but the underground work goes on.

It took only two months to carry out the military occupation of Norway. Everyone was unprepared, except the relatively small number of Norwegian quislings, whose plans, under direct Nazi supervision, were matured with clockwork accuracy. Two years later it is the anti-fascists who have proved their strength and above all, their unity. This was demonstrated in a remarkable Memorandum signed by the representatives of 43 organisations led by the Trade Union Confederation. The Merchants' Association, the Association of Norwegian Clergyman, the Law Society, and the Teachers' organisations were others. This was in May, 1941. Since that time there has been no wavering, but a deepening of resistance. The Norwegians, as their King said, are "united like a strong wall."

When Norway is occupied again this factor may well be decisive. A "second front" is not only a military expedition; it is based on the internal resistance of the occupied country to the enemy. The story of Norway is not unique though there are elements which do not apply to the same degree elsewhere—the long sea coasts and the mountain frontier and the progress that had already been made in this as in other Scandinavian countries in a democratic planning of society. Together these men and women and children in occupied Europe constitute an ally whose co-operation is a factor of the utmost importance in the tactics of defeating the Nazis.

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THE FUTURE OF THE LABOUR PARTY

THE future of the Labour Party is among the major uncertainties of our politics. There is no serious observer of its life who is not aware of its critical condition. Its loss of membership is heavy; its power to recruit youth is tragically small. It has an ageing party in the House; hardly more than four or five of its leaders have any appeal in the country; the bulk of its candidates for the next election are middle-aged men and women who have lost the "first fine careless rapture" of crusading. It can still hold successful delegate conferences in the strongly unionised districts—South Wales, for example, or Durham. It can still debate with ardour the possible nature of the post-war world. It can still command from its pre-war members a quality of ardent devotion which is commanded by no other party in the State. The "feel" of its rank and file for the requirements of a post-war world is probably nearer to the disinterested hopes of what is best in this country than that of any of its rivals. But it does not possess a dozen men who could fill a hall in any large centre of population. The second party in the State is openly discussed as a failure. Even among its most loyal followers there is an intuitive fear that it may be as relentlessly by-passed at the end of the war as the Liberal Party was by-passed after 1918. What has happened to the Labour Party?

The causes of any great social phenomenon are complex, and the weight attached to each is bound to differ with the bias involved in the experience of the particular observer. In my view, the problem set by the present condition of the Labour Party is due to two sets of causes, one of which is rooted in the historic movement of our time, the other in more temporary and immediate circumstances. Each of them, of course, reacts upon the other, though it is probable that the public scepticism of the Party's future senses the first set of causes through the second, and that this is true of the party membership itself. So, after the last war, there were many Liberals who thought that the parlous condition of their Party was due merely to the quarrel between Lord Oxford and Mr. Lloyd George. They had only to agree once more for a Liberal revival to be certain. It was, probably, not until 1929 that Liberals began reluctantly to understand that the day of their primacy was over.

The Labour Party grew rapidly in Britain so long as it was a militant, crusading, educational instrument denouncing obvious wrongs which could not only be seen by the masses as wrong, but of which even its opponents were half-ashamed. Its growth, especially outside the working-class, began to slow down as soon as it was transformed from a gadfly pricking its rivals into the remedy of injustice to a party committed to the reorganisation of society. For that reorganisation not only struck at innumerable and powerful vested interests, some of them working-class interests themselves. The two Labour Governments of 1924 and 1929 raised a grave doubt in the public mind whether the Party had the courage and the imagination to apply the remedies it proposed.

The growth of monopoly-capitalism profoundly affected the position of the party. The trade union emphasis of its membership—re-inforced by the trade union control of its finances—meant that, despite the formal profession of a Socialist faith, it was led to acquiesce in schemes of industrial and agricultural reorganisation which assisted the development of that economics of scarcity which is the necessary concomitant of monopoly-capitalism. During the war, very notably, and not least in its attitude to a wages-policy, its foundation in trade unionism led it to accept an economic strategy which protected the interests of powerful groups at the expense of the community.

The philosophy of the party, in essence an inheritance from Fabian influence, paid quite inadequate attention to the dynamics of power. Formulated in the days when British economic supremacy seemed unchallengeable, when, therefore, the established expectations of the masses could be satisfied without danger to the privileges of the ruling class, it assumed that the State was a neutral instrument, instead of a weapon in the hands of that class, and that democratic processes, in Britain at least, were certain to prevail. Its instinctive postulate was that "it can't happen here"; and its instinctive groping, lest it should happen here, was, as 1924 and 1929 made clear, towards measures which would not risk it happening. So, in 1931, for example, it abdicated pathetically instead of boldly taking the initiative. The experience of the war has not suggested, so far, that its leaders have learned the necessity of a new philosophy for a new world. They condition its dynamic to the assumption, which the war has so grimly destroyed, that the power of reason to govern British politics remains permanent. They refuse to see that each historic moment has, as it were, its own reason which may deny the authority of reason itself.

They over-estimated the level of electoral understanding, and under-estimated the power of vested interest to play on the emotions of the electorate by propaganda. Government by discussion was simple in the nineteenth century—which ended in 1918—when the relevant civic body was small and the issues to be decided relatively uncomplicated. It is a very different matter in 1942, when thirty millions have to be persuaded, when the issues are complex, when most of the electorate left school at fourteen, and when competition for its attention is far greater than at any previous time through the externalisation of pleasures. The Labour Party, before 1918, moreover, was largely built by trade union pioneers whose interest in, and loyalty to, their organisations had the quality of religious emotion about it; the Labour Party took the place in their devotion which chapel and church had once possessed. The Labour Party, after 1918, was largely controlled by trade union officials who were themselves, when they came to a position of control, a black-coated civil service, interested in security rather than in crusading; it was, for instance, significant that few of their children remained in the working-class. And many of the nineteenth-century functions of the unions, especially those connected with social security, were taken over by the State after 1908; so that it is at least doubtful whether the individual interest in the politics of trade unionism was proportionate to the growth in membership. It is at least a rare thing to secure more than a handful of members at a branch meeting save at a moment of special emergency.

The Labour Party, moreover, has remained essentially an urban creation still unable to get a profound hold on the rural areas. That is the emphasis of its propaganda; that is, also—naturally enough, since its finances come from industrial organisations—the emphasis of its activity. And though it has given a welcome, in its ranks, to the aristocrat, the business man, and the intellectual, it has, to some extent, remained suspicious of them. That can be seen both in the composition of its executive, and in the relation of that executive to the General Council of the Trades Union Congress; the real initiative to action still lies in the latter. And though this suspicion is, at least partly, explained by experience with Sir Oswald Mosley, with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and with Sir Stafford Cripps, and, partly, by the penalties which capitalist society, both industrially and professionally, can still impose upon middle-class people who avow their Socialism, it is not the whole explanation. Something of it, at least, lies in the inevitable trade unionist's devotion to immediate rather than long-term action, and something to the slow pace at which, for example, an eager and able young lawyer could move from membership of a local party to a seat in the House of Commons. Mr. Arthur Henderson, the greatest of the Party's architects, was unique among its leaders in his desire to find political use for young talent not of working-class origin. Nor has there been a serious and continuous attempt in the movement to remake its generalisations in a manner likely to appeal beyond its historic constituency. It is not, I think, accident that the Joint Committee of Trade Unionists and eminent scientists ceased to function effectively shortly after its initial meetings.

This, as I think, is the central background in which the present position must be assessed. The more immediate difficulties I must discuss more briefly.

1. The Labour Party, as a party of change, must be unresting in its effort to educate the electorate generally. Since the war began, but especially since it entered the Government, it has largely ceased to perform this function. Though this is partly due to circumstances beyond its control, it is partly a reflection of the mind of its leaders. The result is the vital one that perhaps twenty per cent. of the electorate know nothing of its principles.

2. In the service of national "unity," the Party has accepted a position of tragic subordination in the Government. Though its co-operation has been vital not merely to the survival of Mr. Churchill's Government, but to that of the country itself, it has acquiesced in policies which, domestically, prevent the full use of productive resources in exchange for occasional social reforms or wage increases, and, internationally, except for the decisive acceptance of the Russian alliance, have been usually negative and mainly belated. The policy of Mr. Churchill's Government is in direct contradiction, in all its implications, to the post-war purposes of the Party; but its leaders in the Government have failed at all seriously to influence Mr. Churchill's policy, save over India. The contrast between Mr. Attlee's emphasis on the need for Socialism, when he entered the Government, and the policies he accepts to-day recreates the popular doubts of 1924 and 1929 of the Party's belief in the principles it professes.

3. Though certain Labour members of the Government, notably Mr. Bevin, Mr. Morrison and Mr. Dalton, have made a national reputation by the energy of their administration, the leadership of the Party has been gravely inadequate. That can be seen in diverse ways. It is evident in the fact that Mr. Attlee's personality has made no impact on the Party; everyone respects his integrity and single-mindedness, but no one pretends to know where, and for what, he is leading the Party. It is evident, again, in the relations within the Labour Party in Parliament; it is obvious from the debates and the divisions that a considerable group of members feels that Mr. Attlee's acceptance of Mr. Churchill's policies (in their turn largely dictated by the 1922 Committee) goes far beyond the limits required by the national interest. And it is evident, again, in the unhappiness of the constituency parties at the results of the electoral truce. This device now operates to prevent public opinion from exercising its proper influence over a superannuated House of Commons the atmosphere of which is far behind the measures for which the country is prepared. The electoral truce has the further effect of hampering the Labour Party's educational influence by compelling it to defend a mass of decisions which, in its heart, it believes to be indefensible.

4. The Party has suffered seriously, in public opinion, through its high age-composition. There is little evidence to suggest that this would be corrected, in any important way, if the present prospective candidates were to contest a general election. Yet it is obvious that no party is likely to convince the voters of its fitness to govern unless the generation which is fighting this war is amply represented in its ranks. Nor is a party in which men climb slowly to the status of an under-secretary in their fifties likely to have the energy of mind and spirit to fight for a great programme of reconstruction. Yet unless they produce the conviction that they have this energy of mind and spirit they will not win the loyalty of the men and women who come back from the war.

5. A political party must symbolise its faith not only in the measures it recommends, but in the man by whom it is led; and he must be capable of arousing the devotion of the masses. Stalin is Russia; Roosevelt is America; Churchill is Britain; each, in his different way, is, as it were, a flag, an idea, a claim on service. Since Mr. Lansbury resigned, in 1931, no such figure has led the Labour Party, though, in the dramatic hours which preceded the declaration of war, Mr. Greenwood conveyed to the House of Commons the full force of the workers' determination to maintain their freedom. A political party, moreover, which aims at social transformation must be able to dramatise to the masses the urgency of its purpose if it is to make headway against the power of inertia. With all his qualities, Mr. Attlee is no more capable of that dramatisation than Friedrich Ebert was capable of making the Weimar Republic seem a romantic adventure for which it was worth while to die.

To what conclusion does all this lead? With specific conclusions I cannot here deal; but there are three generalisations which I shall venture to make. The first is that the Labour Party is growing alarmingly like the old German Social Democratic Party. Its leadership is old; it professes doctrine which has little or no relation to the measures it takes; its public performances dismay its most devoted followers; it complacently assumes that history is on its side. The second is that the brilliant romanticism of Mr. Churchill's personality has blinded the majority of the Party to the results of his policies; the "traditional" Britain for which he is fighting to win will, after victory, go rapidly into the corporate State unless the Labour Party compels a drastic change in their economic implications or dissociates itself from his fortunes. The third is that the continuation of the Labour Party in its present direction will increasingly atomise the structure of our party system, deepen the division among the forces of progress, and so leave the initiative in the period of peace to privilege and reaction. In that event, even with the defeat of Hitlerism, we shall have lost the war. For the men who will then shape our destiny will express precisely the same interests as those who were blind to its coming. The Labour Party, if it has ears, must hear the twelfth hour striking. In so grave a moment it is imperative for it to understand that if it deserts the great purpose it discovered at the end of the last war it will not only betray itself, but the nation it was then created to serve.

G. WINSTANLEY

A LONDON DIARY

WHEN the Nazi armies invaded the U.S.S.R. last summer this journal remarked that victory, which had so far been a matter of faith, had now become a reasonable hope. We were not alone in urging the immediate preparation of a Second Front. But some well-informed people were rude. Why could they not see that Russia's entry into the war meant a new dynamic of revolt on the Continent? How far were they blinded to the chance of victory by fear of that dynamic? I knew several people with access to the technical facts who thought a Second Front in Europe immediately possible. There was an obvious danger that the country would fall into two sections—those who leant on America and talked of a victory some time in the future and those who were not deceived by a subconscious distrust of Soviet Russia, and had the vision to see the chance in front of them. Mr. Churchill saved national unity by the greatest broadcast of his life. Then followed a winter in which, as Hitler and Göring have since told us, the Nazi régime was near to collapse. If there had bee pressure in the West then, we should now be well on the way to winning the war. Anyway, w all said, the Government will have used th winter in preparing a Second Front s that we shall be ready this summer. Th

Anglo-Soviet Treaty and the announcement that went with it made the uninformed assume that there would be a Second Front at once, while those who had read the signs of Libya and realised how great had been the drain of supplies to Russia and to all parts of the world, could be no more than cautiously sure that at last we were not going to waste any more time. It is impossible to divide the political from the strategic. If the technical difficulties have not by now been surmounted, the chief explanation must be that some of those in charge did not, even ten months ago, seriously believe in the Anglo-Soviet Alliance.

* * *

The matter could not have been put better than in an article by an anonymous military correspondent in the *Observer* last Sunday:

> If the Chamberlain Government had not declared war in September, 1939, the country would have been torn asunder by political divisions; if the Churchill Government had failed to act on that June Sunday a year ago the same would have happened then; and now on the issue of relieving Russia without delay we stand again before a profound political decision . . . Against the political motive of every German military move we have, in turn, reacted with a political move on our part. Munich, the Declaration of War in September, 1939, and the Alliance with the Soviet Union in June of last year, were in fact our political counter-moves. The time now has come for another. The discussion which now agitates this country is not really just a military question for the expert but a political issue as profound as Munich and the Declaration of War. No one told the British public in August and September that it was wrong to demand the fulfilment of our pledge to Poland: we have reached now the extension of that situation.

All this is true. The article very wisely went on, however, to suggest an immediate reorganisation of the Staff. No good having an expedition led by people who start with inferiority feelings. Some of the rebukes of the Authorities to advocates of a Second Front remind me of the angry slum mother's denunciation of the advice of a welfare worker. "I don't want no chit of a gal telling me how to bring up children: me as 'as buried eight." The Government don't want no chits of amateur strategists to tell them how to run campaigns: them as 'as buried eight in Norway, France, Greece, Crete, Libya (twice), Malay, Burma. Can you wonder?

* * *

It is ironical that this should appear in the *Observer* (now edited by Ivor Brown), in the week in which Lady Astor has made her surprising outburst. I say surprising because at such a time as this one assumes a certain degree of responsibility from even the most fluffy-headed people. Lady Astor is herself no longer important; not even important, it seems, with the *Observer*. But it is her way to blurt out what is in the minds of many of her sort. She is fighting not the war of the United Nations against the Nazis, but the war of American-British Imperialism against the world. Consciously or unconsciously she finds satisfaction in Soviet discomfiture, and has always assumed that peace would be dictated from Washington. Or perhaps I should say from Wall Street. Her remarks are calculated to increase the danger on which Hitler has always calculated—the division in this country between those who wish to fight a people's war of liberation in collaboration with the Soviet Union and the oppressed peoples of the Continent, and those who are as terrified of popular forces as they are of the Nazis and who fight only for a future safe for Capitalism.

* * *

No one doubts, I suppose, that our High Command would have set about preparing a Second Front in Europe from June 22nd, 1941, if it had really believed in the Red Army's ability to stand up to the Germans. It was ludicrously ill-informed. But need it have been so ignorant? A friend tells me that round about Christmas, 1935, he saw at the Russian Embassy a film of the Red Army's manoeuvres at Kiev in the autumn of that year. It showed the descent of 5,000 paratroops behind the enemy's lines. At that time no other army had these troops. Apart from this the performances of the tank brigades (including some amphibian tanks) were almost as spectacular. About a score of journalists were present, yet only a few perfunctory lines appeared in our press. Clearly it did not want to face a fact it disliked, and still less to advertise that the Red Army, at that time, was certainly the best in Europe. Many military attachés were present at the showing of the film, and General Wavell was at the manoeuvres. If the High Command underrated the Red Army, it was because it deliberately chose to ignore the available information.

* * *

Further to my comments on Anglo-American relations in this country. Recently some English people, living not far from London, asked a couple of American officers to tea. They were surprised, in their ignorance of the United States, to find that the Americans knew very little about tea, which, in the United States, is only an Eastern seaboard habit adopted in recent years from this country. (My own view is that the more pro-British among the Americans took to tea in order to show after the entente of the last war that they no longer cherished the sentiments of the Boston Tea Party.) Anyway, the American officers were not sure whether tea was made with boiling water and whether it was worth drinking. They stayed on to what used to be called cocktail time. Their English hosts produced their total whisky ration of a month, a bottle of whisky decanted. The two Americans sat around and drank the entire bottle; neither of them showing at the end any sign of having drunk anything stronger than tea. One remarked that it seemed weak whisky in this country. The other, making conversation when the bottle was finished, asked how much it cost here, and was rather abashed to learn that it cost twenty shillings or more a bottle. He said he was used to buying it for about four shillings a bottle. As for quantity, it did not occur to him that whisky was stuff you did not drink as much of as you felt inclined to drink.

* * *

"The other day," a friend writes, "I was looking over my collection of Will Dyson's cartoons. Dyson was the only cartoonist, off hand, whom I can think of as likely to stand with Low as a part of history. The pictures are a brilliant record of 1910 to 1914—the Larkin strike, the Labour Party ("That rough fellow seems to think he knows you"), the Rand massacres, the Suffragettes ("Mamma, why don't they forcibly feed *us*?"—do you remember the starving child?)—but thereafter his talent seemed to fade. There is only one later one that sticks in my mind. It is a cartoon of the Big Four coming out of the hall after the signing of the Versailles treaty. Clemenceau is poking his bald condor-like head to one side, and the caption is the remark attributed to him at the time: "Curious, I seem to hear a child crying." There is, in the cartoon, a child crying; and by an uncanny prevision Dyson, in 1919, labelled the child "Class of 1940."

* * *

Until now I had thought someone was joking when I was told that Timoshenko was a Welshman. I find, however, that a lot of people, Welshmen certainly, but some well-educated and responsible Welshmen, are sure about it. Who thought of this idea? Was it one of the Welsh newspapers that has been discussing it recently? It is a harmless theory, good for Welsh morale, whatever its origin. And why should it not be true? Timoshenko, they say, is the son of a Welsh miner or engineer named Timothy Jenkins, who went out to the Soviet Union, settled and married there, and allowed his name very easily to become Russianised. A less romantic, but more probable, version is that Timoshenko was born in a town which used to be called Hughesovka—a name which came from a Welsh ironmaster, who erected a steel mill there. In any case, I take it, the story springs from the need of Wales, which had a great Welsh hero in the last war, to find an equally great war leader in 1942.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to R. S. Rogers

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

"It is very un-English to bite people, and I would like you to impress that on these men," said Mr. J. H. Campbell, K.C., R.M., at Belfast Custody Court to-day to the captain of a Dutch ship who was acting as interpreter for three of his crew who were charged with disorderly behaviour at a dance hall in the York Street area last night.

The captain replied: "It is very un-Dutch, too, your Worship."—*Belfast Telegraph.*

His crew, on the other hand, he said never failed to enjoy the excitement of being depth-charged.—Report in *Manchester Guardian.*

Mr. Cantor, a South African who is serving in a Southampton battalion of the Home Guard, claims to be the first father of a victory "V" baby.

"The point of the 'V'" he states, "is on the bridge of baby's nose. It is a birth-mark, not a scar, and is not unsightly. Vera is a lovely baby weighing 9½ lb."—From *The Bulletin.*

Two gents require furnished combined indoor conveniences. Part board weekdays, full Sundays. —Advertisement in *Alderley and Wilmslow and Sandbach Advertiser.*

Already the appeal has worked. Sir Alexander Korda, the producer, declared last night: "I am extremely happy and anxious to co-operate in Britain's war effort. I am returning to England shortly."

That will thrill hundreds of British girls in the Services. They are sure that Lady Korda—Merle Oberon—would look charming in uniform.—*Sunday Pictorial.*

ANCIEN REGIME

(After Thomas Hardy.)

We who have steered the ship of state,
Gentlemen,
Now hear the call to abdicate.
We listen for our exit cue,
You bid us leave the stage, but then,
We read the signs as well as you,
Gentlemen.

We have conducted for the best,
Gentlemen,
Our own (and Britain's) interest.
Her plans and policies were ours,
We spoke for every citizen,
We wrestled with aggressor Powers,
Gentlemen.

Through thick and thin we always were
Gentlemen.
We have borne burdens many a year,
By Baldwin led, and Chamberlain
Who braved the gangsters in their den
For Abyssinia, Munich, Spain,
Gentlemen.

We leave our mark upon the war
Gentlemen,
In Burma, India, Singapore.
Through peace and strife we carry on,
What we have done we'd do again;
We need not fear oblivion,
Gentlemen.

Youth will be served; our days decline,
Gentlemen.
The Left invites us to resign.
No day dawns twice; the tide is flowing,
The future lies beyond our ken.
But all the same, we are not going,
Gentlemen.

SAGITTARIUS

CLINICS IN SYRIA

In Syria they speak of the war as a thing past. They mean, of course, the brief campaign between Vichy forces and the British last summer. This is their good fortune and our opportunity. In the maelstrom of war now spread to almost every part of the globe, here in Syria we can plan for the future and use the comparative peace for building something new.

Our particular branch of work, that of village clinics, is the result of an enthusiasm amongst certain members of the staff of Hadfield Spears Mobile Hospital, notably Lady Spears herself, and the former leader of the Friends' Ambulance Unit personnel in the hospital, R. P. Alderson, who was tragically killed in the Western Desert last February before he could come back here to open a new centre amongst the Assyrians in the Far North.

We are supported financially by the British Council, and in the matter of drugs and other supplies by the American Red Cross and the American University. This latter has always been very enthusiastic for medical and missionary work in this country, and now the latest of a string of benevolent presidents of the University is actively helping us in our work.

At this particular centre the work is done by four people—an Armenian doctor, trained at the University, an Armenian nurse, trained in an English hospital in a neighbouring city, and two Friends' Ambulance Unit personnel. The people of this valley are generous, humorous, hard-working—and very ignorant. For them there has been little education, if they are poor, and no state medical service. They are attacked by a large proportion of the world's diseases, especially malaria, pneumonia, and diseases of the eye. They live in the close clustering Arab villages with no sanitation. In some villages there is an eighty-five per cent. incidence of malaria. Among babies the death rate is very high. Twins, for instance, have about a chance of one in five of survival.

Into this area we came last August, somewhat amateurly at first. Now in each of our twelve or fourteen villages we rent or have the use of a room in one of those mud-built Arab houses, more excellent than they appear at first sight, for they are cool in summer and in winter keep out the cold and wind. We set up shop, as it were, in this room once a week, bringing our own examination table, chairs, boxes of drugs, baby scales, and other paraphernalia.

Outside on the balcony one of us installs the card index in which a record of diagnosis and treatment of all cases is kept. Imagine the difficulty of cataloguing Arab names. We arrange ours under first names, for though there may be thirty Mohammeds in a village, that is the name which changes least from week to week! The patient having successfully obtained the right card passes inside for the examination by the doctor or nurse. The doctor writes the recommended treatment on the card, and if we are to supply drugs the patient collects them on leaving. We have some three hundred babies under weekly supervision, many of whom receive American milk-food. It is a cheerful sight to see fat little faces peering from the tightly wrapped parcels of clothes. The mother often enhances their beauty with blue dye round the eyelashes after the manner of the most glamorous film stars.

At present, owing to shortage of quinine, we can only treat new cases of malaria. Chronic cases cannot be treated. Other anti-malarial measures are now for the first time being taken in this valley. We have many cases of trachoma and conjunctivitis. For the children we may stave off semi-blindness and blindness, which are the curses of this land. Sulfapyridine and sulphanilimide have saved many babies in the last few weeks.

Besides the medical cases we often have minor operations, sometimes without anaesthetic. We also take the worst cases to hospital. Where a life might previously be lost through ignorance, tactful persuasion may send the patient to hospital for an operation. Results of proper medical care are rapidly doing the quack doctor out of business. A large side of our work also is inoculation—mainly against typhoid.

Armenian, Moslem, Arab, Christian, Druse—all come to the clinic. If there is a feud in the village we use the schoolroom as neutral territory on which both opposing sides may come to see us. Those who can, pay ten piastres for each examination—twenty, if the doctor has to visit a home—irrespective of what medicine they receive, cheap or costly.

We have, of course, plenty of humour in our clinics. The people on the whole are alert and happy and ever ready with a quick answer. One of our major difficulties is to elicit the name of some old crône in her seventies, she speaking a very peculiar Arabic, as follows: "Shu ismik?" "Fatme," "Fatme shu?" "Fatme Mohammed." "Fatme Mohammed shu?" "Fatme Mohammed Majdoub"—the answer comes after protests, "You have my card there, don't you remember my name?" Ages, too, are difficult to extract. To "How old are you?" "What does it matter; it is as Allah wills" is often the answer. We had once a humorist who, when the doctor had applied alcohol to a patient's hairy chest, swiftly struck a match and set fire to it. The patient seemed to think it a very impressive part of the treatment. In fact, the larger the pill, the more painful the injection, the more effective it is taken to be.

We have our ignoramuses, too, and malingerers. We often find a woman who has been advised by the priest of her sect to set up an artificial ulcer in order to draw away pain from a particular part. This she does by introducing a sharp pointed seed into the skin and binding it tight with a handkerchief.

Our villages lie scattered about in this wonderful flat valley, lying at 3,000 feet and in a fine mountain setting. There are only two main roads, and during the week we traverse many miles of mule tracks in our car—through dust in summer, mud and snow in winter. Most of the land produces wheat, barley, potatoes or vines and other fruit trees. The people are mostly farm labourers, living in compact villages of mudhouses. They are either very poor or very well off. Almost a feudal system exists and there is no middle class. We meet many headmen of villages who have been to America in the 'twenties, made a pile with perhaps a hardware store, and then returned, built fine houses and become the most important men of their villages. The little country cameos are as fascinating as the people themselves—four men playing cards on a roof with a snow mountain background, a Moslem wedding, the bride heavily veiled in white and holding up her right hand the whole day through, or an old lady covered with mud, making dung cakes for winter fuel and stacking them up to dry in the summer sun.

I will end with a literal translation of a typical conversation between doctor and patient. The scene is a little clinic room. The doctor sits on a stool by his examination table. A few dirty little boys peep through a window. Despite the scorching sun, it is cool in this whitewashed room. A patient, a Moslem lady of forty-two comes in, gets her card and sits by the doctor. The husband is present too.

Doctor: Welcome, O lady.

Patient: You are welcome too to our village one hundred times.

D.: I am at your service.

P.: May God not demand that. I am your servant. Nothing is wrong with me. Only I suffer one day off, one day on fever. [She says "manaria."] Make an injection to me. You don't need to examine me.

D.: Is to-day the turn of the fever? Well, I have to examine you.

Husband: Doctor, this woman has got ethaal (spleen). She drinks water in great quantities. She eats voraciously, and what she eats, eats her blood and swells her abdomen. May God keep you for your parents and may God protect these effendiyet (pointing to us).

D.: Let me examine her; perhaps she does not need an injection. May be just medicine by mouth will do her good.

P.: Nothing *can* rival in efficiency with injections. Three years ago I had pain on my left side. The doctor said I had pneumonia there. He made an injection just over the place. The next day I was cured. Now please give me an "ambul" (ampoule).

Husband: All right, examine her, doctor.

D. (noticing yellow handkerchief round forehead and red string round waist): What are these cords?

P.: These are to chase off evil spirits and fever.

D. (pointing to scars over the upper part of the abdomen): What marks are these?

P.: These are cautery scars, red iron cautery, made when I was a child to dissolve a large spleen.

Husband: I swear by the name of God, I believe in these Arabic methods. The other day a sheikh visited the village and the spleen of my wife disappeared once for all by bleeding. He cut a blood vessel by her left little finger and let her bleed for fifteen minutes. Spleen is gone, but a fever came on.

D.: Why? Now medicine has advanced and we have better means of reducing the size of enlarged malarial spleen. Apparently the yellow handkerchief and red tie, cautery and bleeding did not help her at all. This bleeding weakened her so much that she started to show fever. Now she is very weak. This is not good at all. She still has a large spleen.

The patient showed severe anæmia and enlarged spleen. She was treated with quinine and iron tonic.

W. H. Shercliff

THE DEATH OF EUROPE

A great catastrophe, like a great mountain, cannot be envisaged from close at hand. It is already two years since the landslide which culminated in the fall of France; and only now is comment and comprehension beginning to appear.

In America a group of speeches, in Britain a group of books, in numbers large enough to be significant, have now become available. The American speeches, by such representative men as Henry Wallace and Milo Perkins, have this essential fact in common, that the New World believes to-day that it must participate in, and to some extent govern, the affairs of the Old. Comment on this side of the Atlantic goes further. From such books as Professor Carr's *Conditions of Peace,* H. G. Wells's *Phoenix,* and Lewis Namier's *Conflicts* two points emerge. The first is the fact, that Europe is dead. The second is the question—"Can she live again?"

The fact, the death of Europe, or at any rate of our Europe, can be very simply realised by this alone—that the French Revolution and all that it stands for, cardinal event of modern history, has been liquidated merely as one item in this colossal overthrow. We are confronted with something much more significant than the Napoleonic Wars, something at least as great as the Thirty Years War; something perhaps as great as the Dark Ages.

An odd confirmation is that presages of this change have been patent for some years, reflected even amongst the ballad-makers and soothsayers of our days, the shocker-writers and the popular novelists. A presage amongst scholars is important enough, as in Rebecca West's *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon,* the survey of a Europe which had died violently, a survey forced on her attention by contemporary history. Even pointers from the medium-brows should not be ignored, when for instance Mr. H. G. Wells began to write about a recrudescence of Neanderthal Man in East Anglia, or J. B. Priestley to describe a conspiracy to destroy mankind, organised in Arizona. But when the R. C. Sherriffs and the Dennis Wheatleys began to hatch best-sellers in a similar strain it became evident that something remarkable was happening. No one who read widely in the popular literature of our time could fail to be impressed of late by the apocalyptic quality which was beginning to force its way to the surface. All this is only another illustration of the fact that revolutionary events are the symptom of an end, but not necessarily of a beginning.

At such times history, the compression of experience, is of special value; and here Namier stands shoulder-high. A cool, objective, enormously erudite, reviewer of facts, he is most serviceable when scrutinising and ordering the events of recent European history; and in particular, as a great European, the events and scenes of Eastern Europe. Two aspects of the present change are emphasised by all who bring first-hand news. First, the slaughter; a selective slaughter; slaughter of the leaders, the thinkers, slaughter of the gallows and the concentration camps, far more than of the battlefield. Secondly, the inversion of so much that stood for Europe's previously accepted way of living—the policeman who is now an assassin; the school which is now the most frantic enemy of parents' knowledge and ideals, cruelty and destruction preached as their own reward. With these facts and many others in mind Namier's doubts are fundamental. He considers that the destruction of Everyman's routine, of his pattern of living, has been so great that it is impossible for the nations who have experienced its full force to find their way back to normality. But that is a description of the Dark Ages; and he sees little else in store for great portions of our Continent.

Compared with this sombre but clear-eyed survey, the English writers twitter rather like birds amongst branches. H. G. Wells's bird is indeed frankly fabulous, *Phoenix,* the bright creature self-renewing, immortal—though he hastens to say that his title is a statement of hope and not of faith. Carr is half-way between the Europeans and the Americans. He postulates the collapse of the European order, and then proceeds to consider its politics as though its psychology would be that of the days before yesterday. But a Europe ravaged by successive Nights of the Long Knives will not be normal, or react normally according to our present standards. In fact, the omission in *Conditions of Peace* is the omission of original sin—which, far from being a theologian's chimera, we now all realise as one of the well-springs of human nature.

Civilisations, however, die slowly. They are only extinguished by long wars, and much European civilisation still persists. Still, two wars in twenty years are already one long war, and only a very rapid termination of the present struggle would ensure the survival of anything recognisable as the Europe we have known. Consequently we must consider the most probable pattern for the future which is beginning to unfold.

In the first place it is of a Europe in tutelage. The policing of the ruins, the suppression of the looters and the bandits, looks like being a long job. Who will carry the truncheon? This is where the surveillance of the rest of the world, notably of the United States, is so important. Before his death Napoleon said "In a hundred years Europe will either be Cossack or a Republic." Hitler has seen to it that the second of these solutions is impossible. It will fall to the United States, and to the New Russia, to modify the second.

In the second place, it is of a Europe no longer supreme in industry but one industrialised Continent amongst many. Nothing is more certain than the coming industrialisation of Asia and of South America—and, at a later date, of Africa. At that point the Industrial Revolution Part One, Equipment, will be definitely, at an end, and we shall have to comprehend and operate the Industrial Revolution Part Two, Production (which postulates also Consumption) or be swamped in our own plenty. We shall certainly solve that problem—but it will require many adjustments, notably the continuance of economic control—and many an amendment to the Atlantic Charter.

In the third place, it is of a Europe where force is recognised—but to avoid being swamped by that, in turn, a Europe where force is legitimised, where force is consecrated. By this formula we climbed out of the last Dark Ages. It can be done again. It will require a most intense mental effort for the Western Democracies. It will in fact demand the explicit recognition of force—something better than the old patronising attitude of the Left, or the acceptance of the Right, or the angry contempt of Mr. Wells. Till we get rid of original sin the warrior must come in somewhere. Honour is the only solvent to the brutality of arms. This is the greatest change demanded by the new times. Hence the most significant, and the most hopeful, of all the revolutionary changes is that of the Left towards arms, of which the noblest restatement is in *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon,* and the most recent in the speeches delivered any day now in Parliament and in the country.

"Hence it was that the Slavs were defeated by the Turks on the field of Kossovo. They knew that in this matter they were virtuous, therefore it was fitting they should die. In that belief they betrayed all the virtuous who came after them for five hundred years. And I had sinned in the same way," says Rebecca West, "I and my kind, the Liberals of Western Europe. We had regarded ourselves as far holier than our opponents . . . We forgot that we were not performing the chief moral obligation of humanity which is to protect the works of love."

So and not otherwise, Europe can live again.

WALTER ELLIOT

FREE

MANY curious punishments have been devised by mankind, but few more curious than that which was recently imposed on a slave by the Sultan of Mukalla in Southern Arabia. According to the *Times*, the Sultan, in the course of a tour, warned his subjects against repeating enemy propaganda and announced that offenders would be punished by flogging and deportation. Apparently he altered his mind, however, having thought of an even more daunting punishment—at least when the guilty person was a slave. "A slave," the *Times* tells us, "who had been a ringleader in spreading defeatist rumours was compulsorily freed (from slavery) by the Sultan. This unusual punishment," adds the correspondent, "results in the offender becoming poorer by eighty rupees a month."

We in the West have so long taken it for granted that human beings like to be free that it comes as a surprise to us to read of a country in which a slave regards freedom much as Adam regarded his exile from Eden. We think of slaves as caged wild birds longing to escape into the liberties of the air. Yet we should reflect that, even among caged birds, there are some that, if the cage door were left open, would make no effort to escape, but would voluntarily remain on the perches of servitude. I have read of a man who kept goldfinches in a cage and who let them out regularly in his garden, and it was said that after flying about for a little, they always came back to the comforts of the cage. The goldfinch in the cage is in the position of a rich and idle man, with servants to bring him food in abundance. Like the dog, he is his master's master. The goldfinch in the trees, on the other hand, has to work for his living among the thistles and the groundsel with no prospect of ever, till the end of his life, achieving a shorter working day. He enjoys greater personal freedom than the caged goldfinch, but it might be argued with some show of reason that the caged goldfinch enjoys greater economic freedom.

I do not, I may say, put this forward as a defence either of the caging of birds or of slavery; I offer it merely as an explanation of the melancholy feelings of the slave who was set free by the order of the Sultan of Mukalla. With us in this climate the desire for freedom has become second nature. It begins to manifest itself in the nursery, where the infant rebels against the restraints imposed on its voracious or destructive appetites. Who is there who has never revolted against slavery while being taken for a walk by a nurse who insisted on holding him by the hand? The resentment against calls to pull up one's stockings or to tie a flapping shoe-lace is another early mark of a freedom-loving personality. I myself, as a child, felt like a slave under the restrictions of Sunday. Not that I wished to break the Sabbath, for I believed that the man in the moon had been put there as a punishment for gathering sticks on Sunday, and I had no desire to share his fate. But I saw no reason why I should be forbidden to run instead of walking on the Sabbath day or to accept sweets from a peppermint-sucking elder in church; and, when I was in the country, it roused my sullen opposition to be told that because it was Sunday I must not go into the garden to eat gooseberries from the bushes. Compulsory Sunday school I also regarded as an unnatural form of slavery. Church I enjoyed: the crowd in Sabbatical dress, the readings, the singing, the sermon, attracted the eye and ear; but Sunday-school was a dreary imitation of everyday school, though I used to get some pleasure from watching a boy in the class who had a gift for forming bubbles on the tip of his tongue and blowing them off into the air. Even with this compensation, however, I would much rather have been allowed to stay at home and read about missionaries. It was a little after this, when I was put into a bowler hat and expected to wear gloves on the way to church, that the slavery of Sunday seemed to me to be almost unbearable.

The problem of freedom is not, as anyone will admit, a simple one. Many years ago Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, speaking on the Irish question, said rather profoundly that it was not enough that men should be free, but that they must also be made to feel free. At that time Irishmen certainly enjoyed what to a modern German would seem an enormous amount of freedom. They had freedom of speech to such a point that any Irishman could advocate the establishment of a republic; they had freedom of election; they had freedom of movement, not only in their own country, but all over the world; they were free to talk what is called treason in their homes with no Gestapo listening at the keyhole. Yet somehow, though they enjoyed a great deal of individual freedom, they did not feel free because what they most longed for was national freedom. It was thought for a time that they would begin to feel free if they were released from the domination of landlords, but they happened to have set their hearts on another kind of freedom, like the Suffragettes, who later identified freedom with the right to vote at Parliamentary elections. We all feel enslaved if we have not the particular kind of freedom we want. Other people can never understand this. They think that we are unreasonable and that the freedom of which we dream is no better than a mirage; but in the meantime we are like the child in the Victorian advertisement trying to reach the soap that has fallen outside the bath. The older generation will remember the picture of the squalling child and the inscription beneath it: "He won't be happy till he gets it." But will he be happy then? Who knows?

One of the most difficult things to make up our minds about is in what freedom consists. I once met a woman who, having been left with a fortune, said that she would never feel free till she had got rid of her property. Possessions, she maintained, made one a slave, and one became their servant and not their master; and the only hope of recovering one's liberty was to give them away or to disburden oneself of them somehow or other and to live a propertyless life, like Thoreau or an Indian saint. Much as I once loved Thoreau, I confess I have never looked on money as a cause of enslavement. I have always felt freer when I had a pound than when I had only a shilling in my pocket. To be able to take a taxi instead of a bus is to me a desirable kind of freedom. To be able to stand someone a lunch and not to have to worry about whether one has enough money in one's pocket to pay for the dishes and the drinks that one has pressed him—too successfully—to take—that, too, is one of the freedoms after which many a poor man must have often aspired. At the same time, I can understand how an angelic egotist may achieve freedom simply by cutting down his desires and never standing anybody lunch. To free oneself from care about food, care about comfort, care about hospitality, care about all the normal pleasures of life, is one method of attaining spiritual liberty. But I wonder whether the man who attains it in this way is not simply a slave to an illusion.

The slave to Puritanism is—or used to be—as common almost as, say, the slave to tobacco. Neither of them was ever entirely free. The question is which is the nobler form of slavery. I should vote for the Puritan and go on smoking.

The truth is there is, as usual, much to be said on both sides of the question. The human being who can live happily without various things is undoubtedly free from the desire for these things, but may it not be that he is also free from the desire for liberty? Who, for example, would say that the Victorian woman who was perfectly happy without a Parliamentary vote had solved the problem of freedom better than Mrs. Pankhurst and the Suffragettes? The love of liberty has more often led men to increase their wants than to diminish them. Men who care for freedom have, throughout the ages, fought for their rights, and no one has ever been able to persuade them that it was a matter of no consequence to sensible men whether they won their rights or not. The history of the human race does not bear out the theory that:

> Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage.

A philosopher with a free mind may make the best of things by telling himself while in a dungeon:

> If I have freedom in my love,
> And in my soul am free,
> Angels alone, that soar above,
> Enjoy such liberty.

But this is merely the defiance of a free and gallant spirit. Not even the most silver-tongued chaplains in the Bastille on the eve of the French Revolution could have convinced the prisoners that, if Althea came whispering at the gates, they would be the rivals in happiness of the angels. I doubt whether the whispers of Althea would be a cure for claustrophobia.

And even the philosopher who can himself enjoy a measure of freedom in the confines of a gaol would not contend that men inside gaols ought to feel as free as those outside the walls. Good men have often defended both gaols and slavery, but on the whole, they have laboured to release other good men—and even ordinary men—from the restraints of both. The bird that lights up the poet's imagination is never a caged bird. Nor has there ever been a hero in literature who preferred being in gaol to being free. Thoreau maintained that in certain circumstances the only place for an honest man to be in was a gaol. But he never wrote a defence of gaols as good things in themselves. They were to him merely a stage for the fight against slavery. He accepted them in the same spirit in which Regulus accepted martyrdom.

I am inclined to think that slavery is no more desirable than imprisonment, though a slave who makes money out of his slavery might not agree. He might argue that a slave with money is freer at least than a free man who is poor, and that is a point of view that might appeal to some modern theorists. It is an opinion that is obviously held both by the rich and by the poor in Mukalla. Even so, as an old-fashioned disciple of Wilberforce, I should feel inclined to congratulate the unhappy wretch whom the Sultan has lately sentenced to freedom for the term of his natural life.

Y.Y.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Merry Wives of Windsor," at the New Theatre.

This is perhaps the only play of Shakespeare that is incomparably better to see on a stage than to read. Twenty lines of poetry, the descent in the basket and the pinching by fairies, Falstaff's mastery of a language to convey fatness, and the bustle of the wives—what else shines out of the text? Mistress Quickly and Shallow are only ghosts of themselves; even the Knight's following, however their noses may sparkle, have paled. Yet a visit to the New Theatre leaves us wondering why this play should have been given so bad a name. It may not—certainly does not—do justice to the Falstaff theme, and there are deeper tones in Verdi's opera. But as a cadenza, as fun? The production by Mr. Esmé Church reveals one of the gayest farces ever written. It has been very prettily staged. The scenes flicker to and fro, as they should. The actors are active, and their knockabout agreeably teases the eye as a medley of accents does the ear. Among minor triumphs one welcomes specially Mr. Frederick Bennett's capering Welsh parson and Miss Ruth Wynn-Owen's Mistress Quickly with the Bow accent and the eyes of reverie. Mr. Richard Wordsworth's Slender is a lovely shy ass. The play, however, hangs on Sir John and the wives. Mr. Frank Petley, never hurrying, always at the centre of things, ruminates beautifully out of dignity and a burning liver; he never lays it on; after the plunge, for example, when he sits with his feet in a tub and swallows quantities of sack, the very red cheeks and the very white legs give the essence of a part more candle-grease than flame. And Miss Rosalind Atkinson and Miss Freda Jackson as the wives almost rival in style the Restoration gaieties of Miss Edith Evans. The Old Vic Company and their director, Mr. Guthrie, are to be congratulated on a very lively and successful production.

"Murder Without Crime," at the Comedy Theatre.

In the first few moments of this play, when the satin dress glimmers and the pinkish lights go up in the purplish room, it seems as though an excursion into the Never-Neverland of unearned incomes and night-club queens may not be worth while. But a dozen casual lines are enough to establish this faintly unpleasant couple and make us settle comfortably into their world. The situation of returning wife and threatening mistress builds up neatly and dramatically; the murder seems horrid, but not extraordinary. Once the ottoman has received its cargo the play relies upon the excitement of cat and mouse, but until the last curtain the mouse has a fresh scamper and the cat another pounce. Raymond Lovell gives a rich performance as the man who lives downstairs, wavering humorously between sadism and the solider rewards of blackmail, and Peter Croft is convincing as the rubbishy and driven murderer. Miss Joyce Heron and Miss Margaret Jonston have less to do, but do it well, and Mr. Henry Cass has matched the author's taut dialogue with a production as slick, easy and imaginative. Neatly constructed around a set of people who don't matter at all, the play is continuously exciting and as baffling as a set of Chinese boxes.

"Light and Shade," at the Ambassador's

A great artist like Yvette Gilbert could give recitals in which poetry, sentiment, ribaldry and pathos were mixed; and there is no reason why a revue shouldn't achieve the same. No reason at all, except the difficulty of doing it. Mr. Farjeon has had a shot. The lights of his new "little revue" are bright, indeed; the charming inconsequence of beginning and end; Miss Betty Ann Davies on the top of every wave, bubbling a nonsensical fish song, getting tight in Chelsea, filling the stage with imaginary queues; burlesque of Bleriot's Channel flight, surrealism, and the black-out. There is a subtle nostalgia as well as fun in the Victorian drawing-room of "Magical Lantern"—indeed, in all these glimpses of the past. So much for the light. The shade covers patriotism (more attractive than the usual theatrical brand), dramatic songs about Commandos and Christianity, a Nativity play, an elaborate Masque of Ariel satirising the B.B.C. The trouble about the last was that it was almost as solemn in its ritual as the institution attacked, and in general the "serious" numbers were too elaborate and did not mix well. This is a pity, because *Light and Shade* does extend the scope of the revue stage and proves at moments that lightness and poetry are not incompatible.

"Bambi," at the New Gallery.

There aren't nearly enough laughs in *Bambi*, and when we stop laughing at a Disney creation it begins to look commonplace. Bambi, a deer, grows up in the forest, finds a mate, escapes the huntsman, and we leave him with the arrival of little Bambis. He's charming in his early days, discovering raindrops, learning to skate, trotting back to his Ma; but then for long stretches we have to admire the forest and the seasons, and falling leaves or snowflakes and reflections in pools quickly pall. *Bambi* is in Disney's most realistic and sentimental mood. The voices are all straight; Bambi's Ma is a bore with fairy-tale intonations; the Great Stag of the Forest is a terrible bore; and heavenly choirs chant interminably, without a tune one remembers. "Disney artistes worked in oils for the first time in the picture," we are told; but a few more grins would have been worth a hundredweight of oils. There are, of course, lively and pretty passages, but the story by Felix Salten, from which *Bambi* was taken, has infinitely more character and charm.

NAMING OF PARTS

A Poem from the Forces

TO-DAY we have naming of parts. Yesterday,
We had daily cleaning. And to-morrow morning,
We shall have what to do after firing. But to-day,
To-day we have naming of parts. Japonica
Glistens like coral in all of the neighbouring gardens,
    And to-day we have naming of parts.

This is the lower sling swivel. And this
Is the upper sling swivel, whose use you will see of,
When you are given your slings. And this is the piling swivel,
Which in your case you have not got. The branches
Hold in the gardens their silent, eloquent gestures,
    Which in our case we have not got.

This is the safety-catch, which is always released
With a easy flick of the thumb. And please do not let me
See anyone using his finger. You can do it quite easy
If you have any strength in your thumb. The blossoms
Are fragile and motionless, never letting anyone see
    Any of them using their finger.

And this you can see is the bolt. The purpose of this
Is to open the breach, as you see. We can slide it
Rapidly backwards and forwards: we call this
Easing the spring. And rapidly backwards and forwards
The early bees are assaulting and fumbling the flowers:
    They call it easing the Spring.

They call it easing the Spring: it is perfectly easy
If you have any strength in your thumb: Like the bolt,
And the breach, and the cocking-piece, and the point of balance,
Which in our case we have not got, and the almond-blossom
Silent in all of the gardens, the bees going backwards and forwards,
    For to-day we have naming of parts.

HENRY REED

Correspondence

THE COMMON WEALTH

SIR,—Your article on "Parties—Ageing and Growing" contains a reference to the attitude of the middle classes (including technicians, managers, clerks and teachers) towards politics and parties. One aspect of this question has hitherto commanded insufficient attention, and should be carefully considered by any new political group which seeks to appeal to them. This is the relative importance of political propaganda, including slogans, statements of broad aims, eloquence and emotional appeal, etc., as compared with the sober working-out of precise interpretations of these aims and the publishing of them in unequivocal terms.

The middle classes and technicians have so often had excellent ideas and ideals placed before them, and have seen them interpreted in such unexpected and unwelcome ways that they tend to be suspicious of yet another programme drawn up on "broad lines." They want to see some prospect of getting things done. Their question is "How?"

In planning ways and means, complete agreement is not necessary. In fact, points of disagreement, if stated unequivocally, lend reality to a programme. We have got to find a highest common factor of co-operation. The alternative is to drive the opposition to the point of armed resistance. By its vagueness the Labour Party has antagonised many people, who feared its intention to implement more sweeping changes than would be practicable. By its caution it has failed to canalise the potential enthusiasm of the younger generation. A mass party of vigorous social reform must be equally definite about its *immediate* intentions with reference to (*a*) what can be done here and now; (*b*) what *cannot* be done at present.

Politics will then be "about something." We shall then grip the electorate as the Liberal Government of 1911 succeeded in doing. The electorate was then faced with issues which gripped the public imagination, and they did grip the imagination because they were concerned with specific measures of social reform without reference to any general theory of economics or social morality.

R. D. BEST

5 Westbourne Road,
Edgbaston, Birmingham.

SIR,—You might with advantage have continued your prognostications into our future after the war a little further. There appear to be three possibilities, as follows:

(1) Owing to the swing to the Left, the Labour Party may actually obtain a clear majority. Then, as ageing politicians will also make ageing ministers and administrators, it will probably repeat its failure of 1929-31, or that made by the German Social Democratic Party in pre-Hitler days, with the result, as you say, that the disillusioned people will turn to Fascism.

(2) Or the Tories may remain in power. Then we can confidently look forward to a repetition of the history of the last twenty-five years, with their post-war slumps, ill-treatment of our enemies, falling out with our Allies, and all the rest of it. Why, the fact that America will be able to turn out three ships a day, if she wishes, will of itself constitute an unfriendly act.

As for the Atlantic Charter, we should administer that strictly according to the bond. We should, for instance, allow "access by all States on equal terms" to buy the raw materials of the world, at a price, as they always had, at any rate in peacetime, while we shall continue to sell them, at a price, as we always did.

(3) There is a third possibility, just a possibility, and the only hope. That is that some body like Common Wealth may be able to gather in all those who are now turning to the Left for the first time, and so to build up a Party numerous and powerful enough to do a deal with the Labour Party, perhaps to form a coalition with it, perhaps under the leadership of, shall we say, Sir Stafford Cripps?

On such a slender hope our fate depends.

CASSANDRA

INDIAN IMPASSE

SIR,—Miss Rathbone places a great deal of value on the Cripps offer and blames the British Government for not withdrawing this wonderful gift after the breakdown of negotiations. Does she not realise that neither the British Government nor Sir Stafford have ever claimed that this offer conceded any substantial power to India immediately? It is well-known that the most important part of the Draft Declaration, Clause E, only offered Indian leaders seats on the executive council in which the Viceroy and the Home Member form a full quorum. And when the issue of an Indian Defence Minister arose nothing more was conceded to him than the power to run canteens and act as a petroleum officer, etc. The Dominion Constitution, with the right to secede from the Empire, afforded the further right of secession to any part of India which did not want to be a member of the main union, and was thus so obviously designed, as Miss Rathbone herself confesses, as a compromise with the Muslim League demand of an Ulster in the North (Pakistan) that no one can blame the other parties for rejecting it.

I believe it was the defeatist attitude of those in this country who, like Miss Rathbone, said that nothing more can be done about India, that, in fact, the Cripps offer should be withdrawn, and that that continent be relegated to the limbo of oblivion, which led to the extraordinary Wardha resolution of Mahatma Gandhi.

If it is looked at closely this document discloses three distinct elements: (1) the recognition by the Congress leaders that India's struggle is an integral part of the world struggle against Fascism; (2) the readiness of India's National leaders to collaborate in the war effort; in fact, their offer to increase it a hundredfold, given an Indian National Government representative of all parties at the centre with full powers effectively to mobilise the people of India; (3) the declaration of Congress's intention to launch a civil disobedience movement in case the basic demands are not conceded.

Now it is obvious that the last part of this resolution is in direct contradiction with the rest.

But it is also obvious that Pandit Nehru and Dr. Azad, whose anti-Fascist opinions need no stressing here, associated themselves with this resolution because they really considered it impossible to defend India except by the creation of an Indian National Government. Even the pacifist Gandhi came so far forward as to agree to the armed defence of India. And both Nehru and Azad have made it plain that they were prepared for a settlement. If, instead of pronouncing threats and imprecations, Britain had made the slightest gesture of relaxing the authoritarian grip at the centre, the position of these progressive leaders would have been immeasurably strengthened and they would have given such a lead as could carry the people behind a more constructive policy.

There are many in India who have long declared their hatred and loathing of Fascism, and whose views are not merely short-term policies dependent on the capricious sentiments of those in Britain who are pro- or anti-Fascist, according as it suits the interests of the British Empire. They will not, from their own point of view, welcome the initiation, at this stage, of a campaign of civil disobedience, for they are well aware that the only people who will gain from it will be the aggressors who are waiting to pounce upon India. But these Radicals, Socialists and Communists have no illusions about the forces which have landed India in the fantastic position in which it finds itself. And if they vote against the ratification of the Congress resolution at the A.I.C.C. meeting at Bombay, it will not be for any lack of patriotism, but

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JONATHAN CAPE

because they realise that first things come first in this enormous, prolonged and difficult struggle in which the world is engaged.

This does not absolve Britain for the backwardness of its response to India's basic right of self-determination; it does not condone the passive acquiescence of public opinion in this country to the non-application of the Atlantic Charter to India; and it does not excuse the present British policy of non-co-operation on the second front, which is fast spreading disbelief and disillusion in the integrity of the British Government's intentions everywhere.

Is it too late for another effort at statesmanship such as may heal the rift in the world front against Fascism which a civil disobedience campaign in India will surely create?

As for lectures from Miss Rathbone, *Daily Herald* and *Sunday Times*, perhaps the truth was uttered by that great Englishman, Hamlet, when he said: "Conscience doth make cowards of us all."

MULK RAJ ANAND

VANSITTARTISM

SIR,—I believe the whole disagreement between "Vansittartites" and "Morrisonites" rests on an over-simplification of the problem. The question of whether there are "good" and "bad" Germans applies in practice only to that section of the community which is over (roughly) 28 years old. Under that age there are only Nazis, for the simple reason that it is practically impossible for even the most individualistic child to withstand the enormous pressure of propaganda to which he is subjected from his earliest years. Anyone familiar with the details of German education under the new regime will, I think, agree with me. A young refugee who was describing the education to which he—owing to a misunderstanding by which the authorities had overlooked his Jewish origin—was subjected, confessed to me that he did not believe he could have completed his High School course without being swept away by the general fanaticism. Yet this boy knew that he must sooner or later be exposed as a non-Aryan, and three classes a week on "racial theory" can have left him in no doubt of his position. What then can be expected of children who can identify themselves wholly with the national group?

The second point in the quarrel is concerned with propaganda to Germany. Unfortunately, propaganda to the different countries cannot be kept in watertight compartments, and we have to consider the effect of what we say to Germany on the people whom we are urging to carry on the underground war in the occupied countries. These people—especially those in Central Europe—are risking their lives daily because they believe that a victory of the Democracies will free them for ever of the German menace which has weighed for centuries on their countries, and bring about the punishment of their oppressors. For them, any attempt at compromising with any sort of Germany means that they are risking their lives in vain. They know that, in practice, it is the younger age group which is going to matter in the new Germany and that with them no compromise is possible. The Germans understand this mentality only too well and seize on anything in English propaganda which might be interpreted as a promise to reinstate Germany under a "good" government and turn it to their own use in their own propaganda to the occupied countries.

I am not trying to suggest a solution, but simply pointing out a few obstacles to the humane attitude most of us would like to adopt.

CECILY MACKWORTH

SPANISH REFUGEES IN FRANCE

SIR,—Reports have for some time been circulating that Laval is trying to arrange with the Nazis to deliver 100,000 Spanish Republican refugees living in France to work in Germany. It is said that Laval is giving these refugees the choice of being sent to Germany or of being handed over to the Spanish Government.

If this report is true, the action contemplated is utterly indefensible. These Spanish refugees claimed sanctuary in France at the end of the Civil War in Spain. As Spaniards they are outside the terms of the Armistice between Vichy France and the Nazis and Laval is under no obligation to hand them over. For them to return to Spain would mean death or imprisonment; to go to Germany would involve either working for Germany or, if they refused or were not trusted, death or the tortures of the concentration camps.

We appeal to countries throughout the world, especially to the United States and to Latin America, to make such emphatic protest to Vichy as to ensure that these victims of an earlier war shall not undergo further persecution.

KATHERINE ATHOLL
CECIL OF CHELWOOD
VIOLET BONHAM-CARTER
A. D. LINDSAY
(Master of Balliol)
GILBERT MURRAY
HAROLD NICOLSON
H. WICKHAM STEED
A. FREDERICK WHYTE

ALTER EGO

SIR,—In the current issue for July 25th Mr. Stonier, under his heading *Alter Ego*, reviews Mr. Alan Dent's *Preludes and Studies*. In the course of the article he says:

> The ego-mongers ("Do these young poets realise that they are driving me to read Tennyson?" wrote one of them the other day) are Mr. Dent's complete opposite.

Sir, I did not write "Do these young poets realise that they are driving me to read Tennyson." That implies that I am reading Tennyson for the first time. Or that, but for the young poets, I should not read that great poet. What I wrote was "Do these young people realise that they are just driving me back to Tennyson?" Anybody with a sense of words will perceive the difference. Your reviewer goes on:

> In other words, he has a subject-matter and respects it, whatever it may be, and that is refreshing.

The implication is that I do not respect my subject matter. I have no objection to the drawing of deductions, well-founded or otherwise, by your critic. But I maintain that he should give an ungarbled version; in other words, that he should transcribe my words *as they were written*, and so enable the reader to decide how far his deductions are valid.

JAMES AGATE

SLANG

SIR,—Might I add to the interesting article of Mr. Partridge "In Mess and Field" dealing with the language of officers in the Army in your issue of August 1st.

Two of the examples of Army slang quoted come direct from the Navy. Thus, "to make one's number" is signalman's slang for the custom of a ship entering harbour hoisting her distinguishing pennants as a means of disclosing her identity to the flag officer or senior officer present. Every ship in the Navy has her distinctive number which is indicated by pennants. "Opposite number" does not come from civil life, as Mr. Partridge suggests, but has its origin in the watch bill or muster book for the crew of a man-of-war. They are divided into two watches, each watch occupying the space on one page and each man's duties are duplicated by those of the sailor or other rating immediately opposite to his name in the watch bill.

"Topsides," also quoted, is pidgin English from the China coast.

Mr. Partridge does not mention "swinging the lead," which has come from the Navy via civil life into the Army, and was in use in the last war. This originates in the habit of a lazy leadsman taking soundings as a precaution when the ship is in shallow water, or entering harbour, of continually swinging the lead instead of making the energetic overhead cast required to take a satisfactory sounding.

House of Lords. STRABOLGI

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

When Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage** was published, in the 90's, he was compared by the critics with Tolstoy, Zola and Kipling. Zola, I suppose, was credited with Crane's gift for handling crowds and for seeing them as special entities; from Tolstoy derived the realism and in Kipling there was an exaggeration of Crane's humour and his eye for the picturesque. Crane was in his early twenties when he wrote his *tour de force,* and it is natural to expect all the influences. But it is plain that unless Tolstoy had given a new direction to the novel about war, *The Red Badge of Courage* could never have been written. Tolstoy lifted war out of the formal and the rhetorical traditions of writing. Detaching himself from the religion and romance of patriotism, he examined war as a phenomenon which altered and surprised the characters of men as it altered and surprised the best laid plans of strategists. He also related war to peace and developed an anti-patriotic statement of man's relation to man. Here, a small, tense writer like Crane drops out of the picture. His subject is action, not history; he is the war correspondent and poet-reporter skipping like an excited pebble in the clean ebb of that vast and luminous Tolstoyan wave. Crane is simply the specialist and expert who has narrowed his interest to man's relation with himself, at the most, with a crowd's relation with itself and other crowds in the battle. But the great and the lesser writer were united in one respect: they were both, perhaps without knowing it, writing epitaphs for the romantic wars. In the great novelist and the brilliant reporter we can detect a sadness at the passing of an illusion.

The Red Badge of Courage is, as I have said, a *tour de force.* Crane starts a bugle call and sustains it without a falter to the end of the book. The scene is a single battlefield in the American Civil War, and the purpose of the novel is to show the phases by which a green young recruit loses his romantic illusions and his innocence in battle and acquires a new identity, a hardened virtue. War has ceased to be a bewraying and befogging dream in his mind; it has become his world and he derives virtue from his unity with it. There is a second element in the story. To Crane a battlefield is like a wounded animal. The convulsions of its body, its shudders, its cries and its occasional repose, are the spasmodic movements and dumb respites of the groups of soldiers. There is not only the individual mind in the battlefield, but there is the mass mind also. Crane watches the merging of the individual with the herd. merge once more like the conflicts of a marriage. There is no plot in this book; it is a collection of episodes. We do not know which battle is being described or what are its objects. The rights and wrongs of the war itself are not discussed. No civilian and hardly a sight of the work of man, like a house or a cultivated field, comes into the picture. Few of the characters are named; the central figure is known simply as "the young man." The enemy are just the enemy, something fabulous and generally invisible in the blue smoke line of the engagement, terrifying and dragon-like at the worst, and at the best a singularity to be mistrusted. Who wins or loses is obscure. The whole thing is almost as anonymous as a poem or a piece of music and has the same kind of tension and suspense. For we are not especially interested in the mortal fate of the boy. We do not especially fear that he will be killed, nor do we privately hope he will cover himself with glory. Our eyes are fixed on something different in him; on each adjustment of his character as it comes along. At the end of this book, we say to ourselves, we too shall know how we shall behave when we discard our illusions about war and meet the reality. Romantically we fear or hope for battle as a way of singling ourselves out and dying; but underneath this day-dream is the deeper awe of knowledge that battle is a way of living before it is a way of dying, and one in which we cannot calculate our behaviour in advance. It was one of the discoveries of the unrhetorical attitude to war in literature, that even the men on the right side and in the just cause are afraid; and to Crane—an adventurous man who died young from the effects of going to see trouble all over the earth—this deep fear of fear was a personal subject.

This comes out in the first chapter of *The Red Badge of Courage,* where the young man is seen in the camp listening to the rumours and torturing himself with questions. He feels courageous but will courage stand? Will he stay or will he run in panic? These are overmastering questions. The first dead do not scare him nor does the early uproar. He can stand the first attack and face the fear hidden in the wall of forest where the enemy lie, and after the frenzy of the first onslaught he lies for a few moments in the trench overcome by a sense of fellowship with his companions and experiencing with astonishment "the joy of a man who at last finds leisure." But fixed on their intense personal problem, his heart and mind have not yet understood that while the imagination expects decisive and single answers, reality does not deal in such simplicities. The attack, to everyone's despair, is renewed. The second phase has begun. It is too much. The youth throws down his rifle and runs. Here Crane shows his power as a novelist, for it is in this part of the story that he draws those dramatic scenes and portraits which have given the book its place in the literature of war. This is where the dying soldier, walking white and erect like a rejected prince among his broken court, goes stiffly towards his grave. Crane was an observer of the ways of dying, but this death is one of the most terrible, for it is a progress to death:

> The spectral soldier was at his side like a stalking reproach. The man's eyes were still fixed in a stare into the unknown. His grey, appalling face had attracted attention in the crowd, and men, slowing to his dreary pace, were walking with him. They were discussing his plight, questioning and giving him advice. In a dogged way he repelled them, signing to them to go on and leave him alone. The shadows of his face were deepening and his tight lips seemed holding in check the moan of great despair. There could be seen a certain stiffness in the movements of his body, as if he were taking infinite care not to arouse the passion of his wounds. As he went on he seemed always looking for a place like one who goes to choose a grave. Something in the gesture of the man as he waved the bloody and pitying soldiers away made the youth start as if bitten. He yelled in horror. Tottering forward he laid a quivering hand upon the man's arm. As the latter slowly turned his wax-like features toward him, the youth screamed:
>
> "Gawd! Jim Conklin!"
>
> The tall soldier made a little commonplace smile. "Hello, Henry," he said.

If the boy's horror and quivering seem conventionally over-emphatic in that passage, the rest is not. Writers are always faced by two sets of words before they write: those which will draw a literary curtain over reality, and those which will raise the veil in our minds and lead us to see for the first time. Crane's gift for raising the veil is clear. The presence of spectre and commonplace smile in that portrait is imaginative observation at its best.

The book is paced with it. Some is placed there by poetic intuition:

> The sun spread disclosing rays, and, one by one, regiments burst into view like armed men just born of the earth. The youth perceived that the time had come. He was about to be measured. For a moment he felt in the face of his great trial like a babe, and the flesh over his heart seemed but thin. He seized time to look about him calculatingly.
>
> But he instantly saw that it would be impossible for him to escape from the regiment. It enclosed him. There were iron laws of tradition and law on four sides. He was in a moving box.

This inner sensation of the experience is matched by wonderful, small phrases of verisimilitude: "His *forgotten feet* were constantly knocking against stones or getting entangled in briars." Or there is this picture—how common it has become in modern realism, which Crane anticipates by thirty or forty years:

> Once the line encountered the body of a dead soldier. He lay upon his back staring at the sky. He was dressed in an awkward suit of yellowish brown. The youth could see that the soles of his shoes had been worn to the thinness of writing paper, and from a great rent in one the dead foot projected piteously. And it was as if fate had betrayed the soldier. In death it exposed to his enemies that poverty which in life he had perhaps concealed from his friends.

In the modern reporter the foot projects not piteously but is grotesque or bizarre. Toughness, that is to say fear of facing the whole subject as Crane faced it, has intervened to make the modern writer's picture purely visual and inhumane—one remembers the turned-out pockets of the dead in Hemingway and his bravado about writing a natural history of the dead. The pathetic fallacy abounds in Crane's prose and we hear of "the remonstrance" and "arguments" of the guns; but for all this artiness—which belongs to the nineties—there is pity, there is human feeling. There is a background of value and not of attitude. There is a quest for virtue—what else is the meaning of the young boy's innocent odyssey among his fears, his rages and his shames?—and not as one sees in Kipling, the quest for a gesture or some dramatic personal stand which avoids the issue and saves the face. Crane is unaware of the actor in human beings, the creature with the name on the personal play-bill; he goes—at any rate in *The Red Badge of Courage*—for the anonymous voice in the heart.

V. S. Pritchett

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* *The Red Badge of Courage.* By Stephen Crane. Introduction by Max J. Herzberg. Penguin, 9d.

PROBLEMS

Conflicts. By L. B. Namier. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

This volume is sub-titled *Studies in Contemporary History,* and consists of papers contributed to magazines since the war, together with an article about the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk that appeared in The New Statesman in March, 1918. Mr. Namier's judgments on recent events are nourished not only by his profound historical knowledge but by his personal experience of Poland, the Balkans and Central Europe. He points out that the treaty of Versailles was "eminently fair and reasonable with regard to frontiers, the most important, because the most permanent, feature of treaties." The war-guilt clause, he adds, was "unnecessary and therefore silly, but not untrue." He considers Hitler "one of the most representative Germans that have ever lived," and emphasises that the Germans are "the only European nation which glories in the barbaric period of its history."

A second group of essays is concerned with democracy and the party-system.

> To talk of parties in 1760 is just nonsense. Nor did they exist, in the modern sense, during the next seventy years. The bigger body in the House of Commons (about 150 to 200 strong) consisted of men partly or wholly dependent on the Government for their seats or holding places.

He might have added that the war has to an alarming extent restored this solid block of "placemen." Our belief that we have a two-party system—"an idea so strong and so persistent as to become very nearly a reality"—is due, Mr. Namier says, chiefly to the arrangement of benches on opposite sides of the House of Commons. One agrees that the semi-circular arrangement of the French Chamber has encouraged the group-system; and it would be a wise act, I think, for the French to build a new rectangular Chamber. For the group-system makes for instability, opportunism and corruption. So the two-party system, I suggest, is not only a belief, but an ideal which this country unconsciously seeks to realise. There are more Liberals, I believe, in this country than Conservatives or Socialists, but the Liberal Party has almost disappeared, just because a three-party system works ill, producing Coalitions, which the English rightly dislike.

Another section of the book is devoted to Jewry and Zionism. Here Mr. Namier exchanges the detachment of the historian for the enthusiasm of the advocate. His essay on the Jews is eloquent and moving, but shows a reluctance to face the facts—as distinct from the pretexts—that excite anti-Semitism. It is both true and agreeable to state the Jews are innocent of the wild charges brought against them. Like the Jesuits and the Freemasons, they provide the silly with a tempting explanation of every grievance. The unspeakable persecution from which they are now suffering must excite the indignation of everyone who is not evil or insane. I believe, however, that to counter anti-Semitism it is essential to recognise certain facts that are also true, but disagreeable.

The Americans comprehensibly object to the "hyphenated" citizen, who, while enjoying all the privileges of an American, places the country of his origin first. In the same way those Jews who cling to their nationality and insist on their exclusiveness, cannot fail to excite distrust; and distrust leads to injustice. Inevitably they respond to such injustice by becoming more exclusive, and thus a vicious circle is established.

Not only the Soviet but most Jewish social democrats in Eastern Europe are, I understand, opposed to Zionism. But Mr. Namier, who is a Conservative, champions it as the remedy for anti-Semitism. Yet he also seems to assume that the vast majority of Jews in England, France and America will remain in these countries. Indeed, there would not be room for them in Palestine, even if they wished to go, even if every Arab were expelled. He does not consider the likelihood that a Jewish nation in Palestine will provoke increased anti-Semitism in other countries. Yet this, I suggest, is bound to be the result. Hitherto the law and the mass of public opinion here and in the U.S.A. have accepted the Jews as ordinary citizens whose patriotism can be confidently counted on. But no country willingly gives its citizenship to those whose first loyalty goes to a foreign state. If Jewry becomes a nationality, is there not a danger that the Jews outside Zion may be confined to the privileges enjoyed by the French colony in London or the British colony in Cannes? I believe that Zionism is a solution that will sacrifice the majority of Jews to the small minority for whom there is room in Palestine. The alternative policy, of course, is assimilation. Mr. Namier declares this has been a failure, but it has had a very short trial. Jewish nationalists are no less than the Nazis opposed to it, but I believe it would be advantageous both to Jews and to Gentiles. The Jews have already conferred inestimable benefits on this country and intermarriage might well enliven us. Moreover this is the only solution that promises peace and security to the vast majority of Jews. For so long as most Jews both remain in the Diaspora and insist on leading separate lives, they are bound to be resented as a state within the state.

In conclusion let me recommend strongly Mr. Namier's essays. They are sometimes so succinct as to make rather stiff reading, but there is never a wasted or a thoughtless word.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

RIGHTEOUSNESS TO THE RESCUE

A Common Faith or Synthesis. By J. B. COATES. *Allen and Unwin.* 6s.

This is a representative book, that is to say it crystallises and brings to a point much of the rather vague thinking that went on in the immediately pre-war years in the minds of politically conscious Left-wing progressives. It may be useful, then, to summarise its argument.

There is a general agreement, among advanced thinkers, in regard to a number of fundamental religious, political and economic issues. Names mentioned in this connection are those of Shaw, Wells, Aldous and Julian Huxley and Macmurray, who, incidentally, contributes a Foreword to the book. At the end of the book there is printed, as an Appendix, the Programme of the Progressive League, whose provisions are cited as an example of this agreement. It includes world government, disarmament, the socialisation of the collective resources of society, a worldwide system of education, the maximum freedom of conduct and self-expression consistent with the common welfare, the release of personal conduct from sexual taboos, the humanisation of the criminal law, the control of population and town and country planning. In spite of this agreement, however, those who subscribe to the propositions in which it issues are without power, while the postulates of the influential organisations in which power resides and, more particularly, of the political parties, lag far behind.

The main problem of our time is, then, how to effect a junction between the thinkers and the holders of power; how, more precisely, to induce political organisations to adopt the conclusions of the best modern thought, thus bridging the social and cultural discontinuities of our age and effecting a new ethical and political synthesis. (Mr. Coates, who is on occasion a little naïve, sometimes writes as if the problem were simply how to induce the State to do what Mr. Coates, and some advanced thinkers who are his teachers, want done. But the agreement to which he refers does, I think, exist, and the fact that it does would convict such an unduly simple interpretation as a caricature of his meaning.)

Mr. Coates's solution of the problem consists in the formation of an organisation to co-ordinate progressive thought and effort, the members of which will be imbued with a religious spirit and will accept the same disciplines, exhibit the same devotion and be capable of the same self-sacrifice in pursuit of their ends, as the Fascists and the Communists in pursuit of theirs. Mr. Coates's conception of this society has been obviously influenced by the writings of Aldous Huxley. But while Huxley's societies of initiates, strengthened by "prayer, meditation and concentration," would be largely societies of withdrawal, Mr. Coates's would participate vigorously in the affairs of the community and seek to permeate it with their ideals. Upon their members would be laid the obligation to take political action, an obligation accepted, however, in the spirit, not of politics but of religion. A possible prototype of such a society is recognised in Sir Richard Acland's "Forward March" groups.

This book is so sincere, the line of thought which it follows is so eminently reasonable and epitomises so much of what is good and disinterested in the thinking of our times, that it is impossible to resist the temptation of putting the question: Why is it that nobody takes any notice? For the book, reasonable as it is, will, I suppose, like so many others of its kind, fall like a stone into the well of the indifference of our times; a momentary ripple will be stirred, and then the waters of oblivion will close over its head. I suggest two answers which Mr. Coates may be willing to ponder. First, our condition may be too parlous to enable us to respond to the appeal of righteousness made reasonable. In the nineteenth century, when it was not parlous, politicians listened to intellectuals and Mr. Gladstone consulted Herbert Spencer; but I cannot see Mr. Churchill con-

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sulting Mr. Coates. In other words, the influence of reason, which sometimes makes itself felt in quiet times, is impotent in stormy ones. We are too busy acting in the endeavour to stave off catastrophe to have time to ask ourselves what are the more ultimate ends for which we act. Secondly, is not Mr. Coates unduly optimistic in supposing that the disinterested ethics of what he calls "high religion" will induce men to dedicate themselves to the service of its imperatives? Mr. Coates's society is expressly forbidden to embrace any theological or metaphysical creed. But did men ever live devoted lives except in the service of a dogmatically held creed?

The impulse to put these questions is not intended to imply criticism of Mr. Coates's book. It is an earnest and sincere book, the work of a late representative of a long line of Englishmen who have been willing to devote their time, energy, and thought to the disinterested service of the public weal. Unlike many preachers, Mr. Coates is a good advertisement of the disinterestedness which he preaches. He is a highbrow with a keen and eager intelligence which he is prepared to ride at a gallop across a very difficult piece of country in pursuit of the ideas in which he believes our salvation to lie. Nor are the ideas always red-herrings; some may even turn out to be saviours.

C. E. M. JOAD

CHILDREN FIRST

Children in Soviet Russia. By DEANA LEVIN. *Faber*. 6*s*.

Miss Levin went to Moscow in 1933 meaning to make a study of Soviet education. But she soon tired of looking at it from the outside, so in January 1934, she took over the third class in the Anglo-American Soviet school. This book is about her experiences there and elsewhere in the school world—in camp, on holiday, at courses and conferences, during the next four years.

Suppose a Russian school-teacher were to write a companion volume on four years under a "Local Education Authority." Would she, one wonders, challenge Miss Levin's claim that it is the Soviet school which is "the most dynamic in the world," the school of "a land in which the welfare of children, not of some, but of all children, come first?"

Welfare, we know, is a question-begging word. It might be argued that the sooner children learn their place the better for them, as well as for us. There is a lot to be said for a stable society, and one way to keep it stable (or to make it look as if it was) is to see that no one gets more than he, or his parents, can afford. Carried through, however, this argument would convict of heresy even the most laggard and reluctant L.E.A. Whether we like it or not, we are committed to a definition of liberty in terms of "give us a chance," rather than of "leave me alone." So it looks as if the only way to give the L.E.A. a leg to stand on against the Soviet would be to prove that there is some sort of magic in half-heartedness, a virtue, anyway for England, in halting, with all the dignity we can muster, between two opinions. It saves us, we might boast, from trying to emulate the antics of the prophets of Baal: it is certainly less risky than the tactics of Elijah, that troubler of Israel.

Half-heartedness, though, if it be a virtue at all, is a senile one: there is not much nourishment in it for the young. Miss Levin's pupils, those of them who called the tune for the rest, really were young. Aggressive perhaps, a bit priggish it may be (they gave Jimmy, who preferred fishing to home-work, so spoilt the average of the class, no peace till he "improved in his social attitude," and decided unanimously to deprive Elizabeth of her Pioneers' tie because she spent all her spare time trying to sketch the landscape at camp), badly bitter with a blend of collectivism and competitiveness, fiercely keen on snatching some "Red Banner" or other from another form, prepared to tell parents, teachers and fellow-pupils exactly what they thought of them in public. But full too of pride in their status as the heirs of all the ages, in the foremost ranks of time, quick to see the point of criticism of themselves, greedy for beauty, knowledge and adventure, and ready enough for discipline if they felt it would give them what they wanted.

No wonder the tune they called was a rousing one. Miss Levin caught its rhythm, and so, according to her record, did her colleagues, her superiors, parents, inspectors and even "educational administrators." (One teacher, who failed to catch it, was, we are told, actually withdrawn or put on to research work!) For once, it would seem, all the different cogs in the educational machine worked smoothly together: buried were all the usual hatchets, forgotten the respective "places" of members of the hierarchy, abandoned or never acquired the ancient art of tripping one another up. It must have seemed almost as if the school were to rise to the heights on which repose, with us, hospitals, law-courts, good clubs, cathedral closes, the two universities, the staff college and even more exalted institutions: as if school-teachers were to think themselves able to exchange small talk with judges, brigadiers, chief constables, surgeons, bishops, City fathers and members of the House of Lords; as if, just because the stuff they work on is children, there was actually something less drab and dreary about their job than there is about cutting open diseased bodies or settling rows about money.

After all, even on English children, quite poor ones too, there is an odd bloom, like the bloom of apple-blossom on a spring morning in Worcestershire. Go into a war-time nursery in an L.C.C. school in the recesses of Dockland any week-day afternoon and even if it is raining really sooty rain, the bloom will be there.

KENNETH BELL

A TRACT FOR THE TIMES

The New Leviathan. By R. G. COLLINGWOOD. *Oxford University Press.* 21*s*.

Few students of English political philosophy are likely to dissent from Professor Collingwood's high eulogy of Hobbes' great work. In a grim period of civil war, when the foundations of a new society were being hewn out by the sword, he confronted the problems of power with a courage and a logic which, if they have been two or three times equalled, have never been surpassed. He confronted, too, the fact that civilised man has a fragility about his habits with a starkness that more quiet periods have rarely been willing to face.

The task that Professor Collingwood has set himself is to adapt the sweep of Hobbes' conclusions to our own time. It was a task that only a thinker of his boldness would have dared to attempt. If the result cannot be called a success, that does not mean that there are not many impressive things in these pages. But Professor Collingwood has made his book extraordinarily difficult for the reader to understand by the method it follows. It reads rather like a forcible arrangement of a great pile of notes than a clear and coherent account of its subject. It is revealing in the sense that Pascal is revealing. One is doubtful if one grasps the argument which lies behind the whole; but, again and again, some detached fragment is immensely impressive. And it is obvious that all of it has passed through the mind of a man whose learning enables him to offer a picture of relations and resemblances of great suggestiveness. If I

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may so phrase it, Professor Collingwood has made the price of admission to his conclusions about as high as he could have made it. He is complex where he could be simple; he is indirect where he could have been straightforward. He often universalises the particular without telling the reader that he is doing so. He not seldom evades answering the vital questions he has himself raised. And he has not pruned enough. There remain a great many trivialities which are treated with a solemnity which makes one suspect that a sense of proportion is not one of Professor Collingwood's main qualities of mind; just as his sense of humour very often gives one the impression of a battleship trying to play about in a pond.

What is of real interest in the book is that, at bottom, it is an important pendant to that *Autobiography* which has some claims to be regarded as the most revealing self-portrait of an intellectual written in our time. But whereas the *Autobiography* suggested that Professor Collingwood was, if not on the road to Moscow, at any rate prepared to consider a ticket for that journey, this volume seems to provide the basis for a sophisticated "Vansittartism" which is asserted rather than proved. Professor Collingwood, like all of us, has been profoundly affected by Nazism in operation; and he infers from it the existence of a special German nature which he describes as the expression of that barbarism which is the inherent enemy of civilisation. At this point he has become so angry that his book is less a work of thought than an emotional explosion. And one is then led to see how much of the elaborate construction of the earlier sections is really a complicated preparation for the peroration of the final section with its scornful invective and indignant insult. Just as Taine's *History of the French Revolution* is in fact an elaborate attack on a system which could issue in the Commune of 1871, or Renan's *History of Israel* an opportunity for that detached sceptic to overwhelm the French Socialists while he seems to describe the Hebrew prophets, so Professor Collingwood's book is a tract for the times in which he is organising bulwarks against the confusions he dislikes in our time. Because he is a remarkable man, he has much that is remarkable to say. But it is difficult not to conclude that it is the catharsis of some angry emotions rather than a detached study of historic experience. It reveals movingly what the war has done to one of the most distinguished minds of our age. But the mood and motive behind its construction deprive it of that power to provide the principles of action we so urgently need. Granted that mood and motive, it could not, perhaps, have been otherwise. Yet it could have been much more had Professor Collingwood been more anxious to explain than to strike.

HAROLD J. LASKI

ISLAND DAYS

A Doctor in Paradise. By S. M. LAMBERT. *Dent.* 16*s*.

Pacific Treasure Island. By W. J. BURCHETT. *Wadley.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

High Lights and Flights in New Guinea. By LLOYD RHYS. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 18*s*.

First, a warning. *A Doctor in Paradise* is a Yankee who has lived his working life in the South Pacific, and he writes the long-winded facetious American of 1920; it is like meeting Babbit himself. But set your teeth and persevere, it is worth it; the pompous language masks a wonderful record of service and initiative. Dr. Lambert first went to the South Seas on the Rockefeller survey of hookworm infection; visited Australian, British, New Zealand and United States islands, fell in love with them and in longing to cure the manifold ills of their peoples, and stayed on. He saw with an outsider's eye the discrepancies in treatment between one administration and another; the leakage of efficiency caused by neighbouring territories each trying to run its own medical service out of its exiguous revenue; the impossibility of paying an adequate number of doctors on European standards. He evolved three aims; a centralised Pacific medical service, a properly staffed and supplied leper station serving all the islands, a school to train native doctors locally. The first failed, the second and third succeeded. Mokugai leper station, and the medical school at Suva, are the fruits of collaboration mainly between Dr. Lambert, Dr. Montague of Fiji, and Queen Salote of Tonga. The islanders make good doctors and excellent surgeons. The author, like most reformers, is a partisan. He sees Pacific government with a purely medical eye: Australian rule is bad because it will not join in the scheme for educating island doctors—(and indeed, if they could be made out of Solomon Islanders, why not out of New Guinea tribesmen?)—the Mau in Samoa is damnable because it destroyed the admirable New Zealand health service. The author shows some interest in native custom; he should have been able to assess the reason for that movement. In fact, outside medicine, Dr. Lambert is a slap-dash thinker; inside medicine he is thrilling to the layman. Some of his tales are very well told; the anxiety of the first tests of carbon tetrachloride for hookworm; the evolution of a pidgin-English lecture in the Rockefeller Institute.

> Master belonga me him make im altogether kerosene, him make im altogether benzine. Now he old feller. He got im plenty too much belong money. Money belong him allesame dirt.

The book is of serious importance as a survey of the medical needs of the Pacific and of the possibility of international collaboration in giving life to the people. Life, literally; the decline in population has been arrested and transformed to increase where simple hygiene replaced the deadly effect of imported European disease superimposed on native ignorance.

Mr. Burchett's book on New Caledonia is straight reporting, agreeably done. This island has had the typical Pacific history in a French variant, missionaries with secondary political activities, an annexationist race with Britain, won by a short head by a French ship; a convict settlement, now abolished; the modern colony; the Melanesian people reduced by half; French colonials, Javanese workmen, Japanese merchants. The author emphasises especially the island's beauty, and its extraordinary mineral wealth. The sand of the beaches is chrome; there are mountains of nickel (the dominating power is the Société le Nickel, a member of the international nickel cartel); there is a great valley bottomed with solid iron. For this reason among others Mr. Burchett wants close amity and trade between New Caledonia and his own country, Australia. The story of how the up-country colonials, the *Broussards*, turned out the pro-Vichy governor, defied the naval command, and went Free French, is lively reading. There are fair photographs and a bad map.

High Lights and Flights in New Guinea is mainly the tale of the gold-fields, discovered by prospectors on foot, and developed by aeroplane communication. The prospectors financed themselves by the barbarous traffic in birds of Paradise. All the elements of gold-hunting are there, the obsessed prospector Park cowering his native boys into obedience; the official Levien, watching and waiting to cash in on the strike and turn the mines into Big Business; jungle, hunger, fever, death, and after them the mining town with fortunes won and lost again. It is a hateful record of greed and ferocity, the more hateful because the author seems unconscious that it is anything but fine that men should fight and cheat and kill for a pan-full of yellow metal. The gold-fields indeed, whatever their revenue yields, have been a curse to New Guinea. They have succeeded brutal German and haphazard Australian colonisation as a factor distracting the government from good administration, of which Australia is capable, as was proved by the regime of Sir Hubert Murray in neighbouring Papua. In New Guinea, Mr. Lloyd Rhys writes:

> The training of the natives is merely a matter of employment, a system of control so that they may be herded as labourers . . . No future is offered them other than that of being employed for labour.

Mr. Lloyd Rhys here, as in other matters, is critical of the Administration; which would certainly give another account of the intentions of its rule under the mandate pledging it to educate and develop the people. But the author spurns the mandate too.

FREDA WHITE

Britain in the World Front. By R. PALME DUTT. *Lawrence and Wishart.* 5*s*.

Mr. Palme Dutt states the case for national unity to defeat Hitlerite Germany and defend the Soviet Union and ourselves. He warns against three disrupters, the independent political careerist, the Munichite appeasers and the Labour Party heresy hunters. He urges co-operation in the factories as long as it is necessary for stabilised victory. There must be a truce in the class struggle while the external battle is fought for the defence of socialism.

This book is salutary to-day. It would have been salutary with some modifications in 1939. A French edition suitably edited, might have held the Nazis up for a few days (weeks? months?) during the Battle of France. Fascism means war, writes Mr. Palme Dutt, as accurately in retrospect as he wrote it prospectively in 1934. Fascism meant war in 1939. The Soviet Government knew it and made the tactical Russo-German Pact. But how wrong were the tactics of the Comintern and of the British and French Communist Parties in their negative attitude to the war. Pollitt was a loyal disciplinarian to recant his 1939 support of the war; but he betrayed his common-sense.

The Communist Party to-day supports the war effort wholeheartedly. There is no time for recrimination, still less for victimisation. Palme Dutt's plea for the *Daily Worker* is unanswerable. If the Communist Party is legal and judged to promote victory, it is surely entitled to state on paper the views which its spokesmen are allowed to state on public platforms.

Britain in the World Front also contains criticism of abuses on the home front. Like the Communist Party of Russia or the old Tory and Labour Parties of Britain a political party must have national roots. It will be as well, if the Communist Party of Britain is to have a national influence, that it should not neglect its native problems.

M. E.

Week-end Competitions

No. 653

Set by V. S. Pritchett

In their proofs printers frequently misspell a word in a way that fantastically alters or even reverses the original meaning. Excellent new words are thus coined. "Vicilised" may, for example, take the place of "civilised." The usual prizes are offered for the subtlest misprinted version of any well-known lines of English verse.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday,

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 650

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer the usual prizes for last words of animals. (E.g., the swan: "I think I am going to sing.") A set of three last sayings is requested from competitors, though of course any number may be submitted.

Report by G. W. Stonier

Enough entries were sent in for this competition to fill THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION from end to end. During the hours spent in reading, sifting and weighing I have got to know very well the last minutes of certain animals: the duck who hears thunder, the horse whose number's up, the centipede on his last legs, the ostrich with sand in his ears, etc. In awarding the prizes I have tried to be fair to ideas many times repeated and not to let myself be attracted by mere allusiveness. The prize-winners, who take equal shares, are: Longaville, J. H. Rus, Gnossis, N. G. Liddiard, D. W. Barker, L. E. J., R. Bates, F. C. C., Sola N. Trefoil, W. A. Thorpe, Little Billee, Phiz. Here is a selection, including the winners.

The Mouse : Precious dark and smells of cheese. (Olive Ordish)

While the cat's away . . . (W. A. Gordon)

The Turtle : I'm to be something in the City. (J. H. Rus)

They are mocking me. (S. W. G.)

The Hare : Over to you, tortoise. (Janus)

The Flea : And now for Abraham's bosom. (T. M. P.)

The Mandrill : Now fades the crimson pigment,
Now the blue . . . (D. W. Barker)

The Dog : I have passed the last lamp post. (Guy Rawlence)

They tell me Mr. Goldsmith's leg is well again. (F. C. C.)

Here's something they won't be able to whistle me back from. (D. W. Barker)

(Flush) : God's in his heaven. (Stanley J. Sharpless)

Male Tarantula Spider : Darling, this is the greatest moment of my life. (H. F. Overy)

The Worm : I turn—to dust. (E. W. Fordham)

The Phoenix : May I trouble you for a match? (F. C. C.)

It's my wish to be cremated. (Little Billee)

The Seal : Positively my last appearance. (S. W. G.)

The Elephant :

How lonely it is among all these bones. (W. A. Thorpe)

Now, I remember when I was crossing the Alps . . . (E. Beadwell)

. . . And rest the fallen arches of the years. (Dogsbody)

The Wolf :

This is the only door none wishes to keep me from. (W. A. Gordon)

I'll have to cry "Wolf." (Irene Hunnaford)

The Whale : So little to do and so much to do it in. (D. N. Parfitt)

The Penguin, the Pelican, the Puffin (simultaneously): Every bookstall is my monument. (R. Bates)

The Bullock : What bloody man is this? (Karel Brandes)

The Skunk :

Tell me, my friends . . . (G. A. Shires)

Strew over me roses, roses. (Little Billee)

The Pig : I hope to save my bacon. (H. F. Overy)

The Canker-Worm : Rosebud. (L. E. J.)

The Lamb : Canterbury is graven on my heart. (D. M. R.)

The Moth :

Mehr Licht! (Luela Lowry)

Lead kindly Light amid the encircling gloo-oom,
Lead thou me on. (Phiz)

Ring down the curtains. (Una Lewis)

The Fly : Well, I say we all stick together. (Sola N. Trefoil)

The Bee :

Never mind about Death's: where's mine? (James Reeves)

No flowers, if you please. (Pte. D. Randall)

The Dragon : Where's George? (L/Bd. L. Bennett)

Th Grouse : They say you never hear the one that hits you. (M. M. Griffiths)

The Race Horse : My pedigree is longer than my master's. (Sir Robert Witt)

The Snail : This house to let. (N. G. Liddiard)

The Sheep :

I follow the Lamb. (R. M.)

They love your wool and catkin and call you little lamb, but you are sheep-face before you die. (D. N. Parfitt)

The Nightingale : That liar Keats! (L. E. J.)

The Wasp : Stung. (W. A. Thorpe)

The Caterpillar : Well, I shall never be broken on a wheel. (F. C. C.)

The Tortoise : Achilles, here I come! (G. A. Shires)

The Ant : So much to do, so little done. (J. A. H.)

The Oyster :

Soon I shall be in a company of stout fellows. (Longaville)

One is undone. (J. H. Rus)

Austerity would have saved my life. (Peter Pan)

The Goose : I lay golden ones. (Gnossis)

The Gnu : All my life I've never so much as breathed a cross word. (J. H. Rus)

The Old Cow : Listen! I hear the strains of—(delete according to political bias)—the National Anthem, the Red Flag, the Marseillaise, etc. (Maud Gill)

The Locust : I have no more territorial claims. (Mrs. Aileen N. Garstang)

The Ostrich : Where's that sand? (Janus)

The Lark : I shall not be getting up early to-morrow. (Little Billee)

The Unicorn : Royal Arms, receive me. (R. Bates)

The Slug : How I regret my salad days. (Lady Harris)

The Bird of Paradise : I am going home. (D. S. Meldrum)

The Rooster : What will happen to the sun? (Yahoo)

The Stag :

Now I have nothing left to fear,—
Unless old Landseer's prowling near. (Enid Hudson)

The Cat :

Why? (H. Lambert-Smith)

I'm going to look at a King. (R. Bates)

For the tenth time, Goodbye. (O. M. Ashford)

The Basilisk :

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare? (Gwen Marsh)

The Giant Panda : My public—how my public will miss me. (S. W. G.)

The Fox : Well, mustn't keep hounds waiting, but I do want to say how much I have enjoyed every minute of the run. Good luck, the Quorn, and thank you! (Phiz)

The Horse : I have delivered the milk. (W. A. Thorpe)

The Calf : Why, it's the young Master come home at last! (K. Bloomfield)

The Camel : I feel the penultimate straw. (Maud Gill)

The Walrus : The time has come. (Gilderoy)

The Lobster : Why are you all blushing? (Aloe)

The Crocodile : Tears, idle tears. (Towanbucket)

The Chameleon : I wonder, shall I wear my flame or my white? (E. Beadwell)

The Pelican : To St. James I commend my spirit. (Ivor Robertshaw)

The Ass : I shall be glad to escape from the world's long contumely. (M. H. Kennedy)

The Weasel : Pop. (Sola N. Trefoil)

The Dinosaur : It gets colder every day. (Sola N. Trefoil)

The Laughing Jackass : We are not amused. (Longaville)

The Peacock : I fancy I am about to die. Pray put out my tails. (Alan Shadwick)

The Turkey : Only a week to Christmas. (R. Cecil Owen)

The Ichthiosaurus : I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls. (John Smart)

The Cow : Thank God I have done my duty. (Ruth Gadside)

The Cuckoo : There's husbandry in heaven. (David Greenlaw)

The Tiger : That awful symmetry! (S. P. Lissant)

The Giraffe : I thank Nature for what I have seen, and others have missed. (M. Bradley)

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